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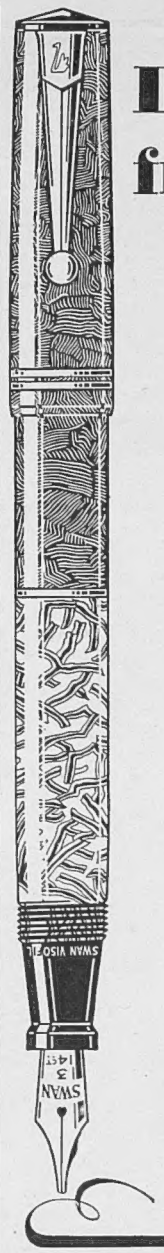

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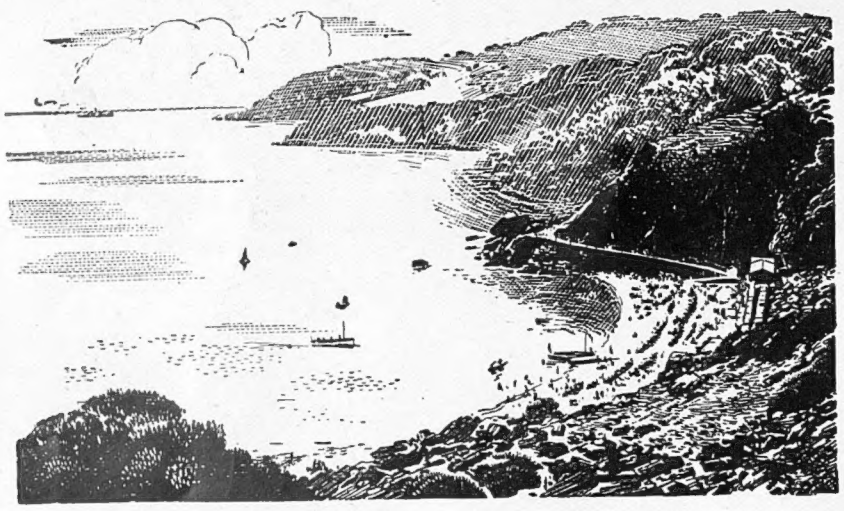

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Volume CLVII No. 2053

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 27, 1939

THE KING AND QUEEN IN OTTAWA

Their Majesties Outside the Federal Parliament House During Their Visit to the Canadian Capital on May 19

On Friday, May 19, the King and Queen entered Ottawa, their Canadian capital, with the full-throated cheers of more than a quarter of a million of their subjects ringing in their ears; and, such is the miracle of modern flight, this picture, taken outside the Federal Parliament House on the day of their arrival, actually reached London on the morning of May 23, having been brought across the Atlantic in the Pan-American Airways flying-boat, *Yankee Clipper*. Surely nothing could exemplify better than this the ever-closening relationship between the partners in Empire. As was to be expected, Their Majesties were accorded a wonderful reception in Ottawa, fully equalling the enthusiasm that was evoked on their arrival in Quebec and Montreal. After taking lunch with the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, the King and Queen drove in state to Parliament House, where in the Senate the King gave his assent to certain Bills. His Majesty then delivered a speech from the Throne, in the course of which he repeated the words of his father on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee:—

"The unity of the British Empire is no longer expressed by the supremacy of the time-honoured Parliament of Westminster. It finds expression to-day in the free association of nations enjoying common principles of government and a common attachment to the ideals of peace and freedom, bound together by common allegiance to the Crown"

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TULIP TIME IN LONDON: The great mass of red blooms outside Buckingham Palace is a veritable delight and it is certainly a pity that the King and Queen should have missed such a brilliant spectacle. *Below*—In the gardens of Hampton Court the tulips are also at their best and last Sunday there was a host of visitors to the delightful Palace grounds

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, May 24, 1939.

THE ROYAL TOUR.—The Royal tour is going according to plan. That is to say, it is having the glorious success which everyone expected it to have here and in Canada, and which the careful preparations on both sides and the qualities of the chief figures ensured for it. That it has already done an infinity of good in the Empire, in America and even in Europe is clear as the day—and a good deal clearer than the May day on which I am writing. And I doubt not the short American visit will prove not less successful. The programme of the tour in its entirety disarms criticism, and of criticism there is none save what might be expected from the inevitable body of non-recipients of coveted invitations to meet the King and Queen. Those who have any knowledge of the relentless dog-fight which is "Society" in the States could have expected no less. Their only surprise can be that newspapers not confessedly sensational should accord to such criticism one inch of space. The responsible Press in America is following the Canadian progress with generous and unstinted enthusiasm. The physical strain on their Majesties is heavy and continuous, their function is the simplest. To smile, to enjoy, to spread goodwill, to foster understanding, to break down barriers of class and opinions, to show to the world the quality of the British Constitution and to the Empire the nature of the symbol which unites it. "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues." The King and Queen are doing that—and to admiration.

THE JUGGLER.—The Duce broke a commendable silence in Turin last week with a speech which was on the whole pacific and not more than necessarily insulting, but which was essentially one of those juggling feats with words which are the patent of dictators. It is the *métier* of a dictator to dance on the tight-rope, to look down into the abyss and up into the sky, and to keep what remains of his vision for his own feet and his people's wishes. He told the democracies all about Germany's and Italy's contributions to peace; he told Italians all about the democracies' preparations for aggression. He rattled the sabre and then, too conscious of Italy's anxiety as to the dreadful results of world war, thrust it back into its sheath and waved an olive branch. What he said meant nothing at all. For a dictator, however great (and they are usually very able men), is only a yes-man after all. He must satisfy a variety of interests or he himself will fall like Lucifer. He must rant and whine, terrorise and calm, provoke and appease, chew glass and wipe his eye; he must tell the clumsiest lies and spread the thickest butter, and sacrifice his reputation for common sense to safeguard his position as dictator. Whatever nonsense he roars out he is certain of loud applause from an organised claque. That is about the only consolation he can derive from his sorry oratorical duties, if he be at heart a man of sense who can appreciate the difference between truth and proportion and dignity on the one hand and "theatre" on the other. I cannot for the life of me understand why we devote valuable time and space to a serious rebuttal of such propaganda. Counter-propaganda is only necessary to meet effective propaganda. But the Duce's propaganda did not carry conviction in any country outside the Axis. It is the sad fate of dictators to be ready at all times to "play 'Ercles rarely, a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." He must do it with an energy that splits his own tights and makes him highly ridiculous—a peculiarly bitter fate to one who has been in the (more or less) educated profession of journalism. The first benefit we should hope to reap from the sacrifices which we have been compelled to make for defence is the power to treat the speeches of dictators as they deserve. That is, to accord to those which contain the slightest threat of force or aggression-blackmail no more serious publicity than we give to Fascist or Communist by-street oratory. And to respond warmly to, and treat with the most serious consideration, those which may reveal a sign of grace and a return to the dignity of international relations.

A LONDON

PALESTINE PLAN.—The Government plan for Palestine settlement does not encourage the belief that a solution has been found to that thorny problem. There was every reason why the Government should wish to defer as long as possible bringing to boiling-point again the simmering elements in that witches' cauldron, and the expedient of deferring the announcement of its policy, however objectionable, would surely have been less dangerous—in these critical days—than the publication of a scheme so fraught with controversy, so big with trouble to come. The Peel Commission is waste paper. Partition is scrapped before it was well considered. The Commission was unanimously clear on one point: that never, never will Arab and Jew work together for the common weal of Palestine. And the White Paper stands (or falls) on the basis that these elements are fusible—and within a few years. No Arab believes it, no Jew believes it; the Peel Commission did not believe it. The Government ignores these beliefs. It takes the hearty, cheerful view that Jew and Arab will now compose all their differences, racial jealousies and bitter memories and work together as good Palestinians, striving in friendly rivalry to be first to qualify for their Alma Mater's degree—Bachelor of the Art of self-government. It is optimism of a dangerous kind, I greatly fear, to build a policy on so fantastic a premise—that all these age-old, irreconcilable differences of race and religion can be in a few years smoothed out by a device as ingenuous as that: to portmanteau the two phrases "Jewish National Home" and "Arab State" and cram them into a single word "Palestine," and to pin your faith to the theory that a new patriotism—born of the word "Palestinian"—will compose all quarrels, eradicate all difficulties, and fuse two elements so antipathetic. Already the White Paper has evoked the cry of betrayal from both sides in Palestine—from the Jew first and also from the Arab. And it has been rejected by Egypt, Iraq, and Saudi-Arabia. There has already been some resumption—among Jewish elements—of rioting. It is among the Jewish interests that the cry of betrayal is loudest.

By
THE OLD STAGER

COMMUNISM IN THE STATES.—A correspondent from Switzerland sends me his own marked excerpts from the long report to Congress made on the above subject by Mr. Walter Steele, editor of the Washington *National Republic*:—1. That there are in the United States six times as many

NEWSLETTER

Communists of varying shades as were in Russia at the time of the Bolshevik revolution, and to-day twice as many. 2. That there are over 600 national Communist and affiliated organisations "in heated revolutionary action" in the United States to-day. 3. That the United States is mapped into twenty-six districts, having 15,000 sections, for the organisation of Communistic teaching and the spread of its doctrines from Moscow. 4. That Communist forces expend over 6,000,000 dollars a year with excellent results in promoting civil war leading to the overthrow of the Government and the establishment of a Soviet America. Which headings I summarise without comment, having no knowledge of the subject. All the average man does know is that for every human being who goes in dread of the machinations of Nazism and Fascism in his own country there is one or more who goes in dread of Communistic activities and progress. As for Democracy she dwells among the untrodden ways (I presume), a maid whom there is none to fear and very few to praise. Yet she continues to thrive and bloom.

NEW FOREST - PLAN FOR CO-ORDINATED CONTROL.

—A report by a committee of planning officers on the means to preserve the New Forest from reckless development describes it as "that miraculous survival in the twentieth century of part of pre-Norman England." All the words are well chosen. Miraculous indeed the survival seems to anyone who enters the forest via Hordle after contemplating the horror and obscenity of the "development" of the sea coast between Bournemouth and Lymington. The forest has so far survived because it is Crown land, where no advertisements are allowed, no speculator can buy to devastate and even the Minister of Transport must go slow. Yet still forest development is uncontrolled. Any sort of petrol horror is possible; in the forest villages, where there is free land, anyone may throw out any number of excrescences in purple or white brick. This report is good news for all who tremble for the remains of our heritage, because every one of the local authorities concerned in the forest have joined hands with local residents, with the Health Ministry and with the Forestry Commission. Their report recommends a benevolent tyranny to apply to the forest. Its chief villages of characteristic beauty are to be controlled, they must keep within defined limits of size. The architecture of their new houses must be passed as suitable for their surroundings, and the same control would apply to garages, inns, and petrol stations. Already a vast scheme of new roads had been planned to slash the forest through and through. The report proposes a total revision of such plans. One trunk road east and west there must be. The Ringwood–Cadnam road is the obvious one and its widening is not yet necessary. The report does not refuse to admit essential alterations. Southampton's needs in housing and communications must be considered. But even Southampton's needs do not require the indiscriminate widening of forest by-roads and there is every reason shown in the recommendation to restrict charabancs and heavy lorries to the admitted corridor main roads. This New Forest is a nature reserve still within our power to preserve. It is there without gifts or legislation. Its safety depends to-day on co-operation and wise control. The report gives a hint of what could still be done all over England if local interests concerned could co-operate in firmness and wisdom, in decision and in taste. It is a hankering sympathy with petty commercial gain which, obsessing local authorities, has hitherto devastated Britain and not even materially benefited the people. It is not a love of freedom, a hatred of interference with individual initiative, but a sneaking respect for petty commercialism and too much parish pump jealousy which have been the enemies of our amenities. The report should be widely studied.

ACADEMY RE-VISITED.—

If you could libel a race and if a charge of ugliness constituted a libel, then an action would lie against the artists and committee of the Royal Academy. At a second visit, I was struck all of a heap by the almost grotesque ugliness of the human subjects, male and female. I suppose there are 200 men and women painted. I do not think there are a dozen who leave an impression of beauty or grace or dignity. But the vast majority of those faces are not merely plain; they are grotesque, base, comic, macabre, revolting even, in their ugliness. Is beauty deteriorating? I don't believe so. There are scores of pretty faces and fine faces to be seen in the streets and theatres and crowds. Do the years and prosperity adversely affect a man's appearance? I sometimes think it possible when I contemplate the daily portraits of our business and financial wizards published in the city columns of a great newspaper. But no; financiers, generals, diplomats, lawyers and men who attain to "presentation portrait" eminence are not of necessity gargoyles; and English women are still handsome in the aggregate; not Hogarthian. I am thankful to think that the sister art of photography will be able to undo the harm which this year's academy seeks to bring on our generation in respect of our looks. I came away feeling bilious and like a man leaving the hall of 1,000 laughs, the hall of distorting mirrors. We are not as black as we are painted.

ROMANTIC DISCOVERIES.

—I noted in the news some discoveries last week which may fairly claim to set imagination on fire. Professor Marinatos, the Greek archæologist, announced the precise identification of the field of Thermopylae, the pass which Leonidas and his 300 Spartans held so long against the hosts of Xerxes. The present baths of Thermopylae cover the site. Some of the features referred to in Herodotus' account have been laid bare and a number of well preserved arrows. The professor is now searching for the burial place of the 300 who died to a man and were buried together in a common grave. But the pass itself could no longer be defended by 300 heroes. Time has widened it a hundredfold. A less ancient find was made at Dorchester, not indeed of Maiden Castle antiquity. It was a motor car which apparently had been standing in a Dorchester car-park for a month without anybody noticing the fact. What a car-park to dream about! What a tolerant, easy local authority! But the romance lay inside the abandoned car. It was full of pedigrees and family trees. It traced back the pedigree of the Dacre family to Sir Ranulf of that ilk. [If I remember right, the 23rd Lord Dacre, who had been Speaker of the House, suffered his proud barony to be merged in a Viscountcy of Hampden.] Then there was another pedigree going back to Henry, Earl of Cumberland, who married Eleanor Tudor; and showing also descents from a famous Countess of Dorset and Pembroke. Here is material for one of the modern professors of crime detection. Holmes could have solved the mystery in his armchair in Baker Street—with the help of a *Burke's Peerage*.

RE-HANGING.

—Behind closed doors happy art experts are re-hanging the glorious pictures in the Prado. The first batches of them are back from Geneva and other safe places. This is one of the pleasant indications that that dreary fraternal war is over and that, at a date not too distant, we believe, Spain will be once more for the Spaniards and for the tourists of the world who have too long been denied the privilege of spending their money in that pleasant land and recreating their minds among its beauties of art and nature. Foreigners should come to any and every country with a guide book (and a cheque book) but not with a sword. Equipped with the former, they are welcome and evoke suspicion and jealousy nowhere. It is Franco's pleasant (I hope) duty now to speed the parting guest and make ready for the guest who comes with a Baedeker.

STAINLESS FROCKS.—

Stainless steel was a good invention. I gather we may now expect (or even buy) stainless clothes. I understand the I.C.I. research department has a process which renders cotton, silk, rayon, linen, etc., proof against stains. Henceforward, napkins will be at a discount, and soup and tea may be spilt with impunity on ball gowns and sofa covers. I hope the process will cover light and heavy waterproofs, which in my experience become greasy and stained quicker than any other articles of "men's wear." And then, as far as men are concerned, since male fashions change so "sensibly insensibly," our clothes really will last for ever. Mine, I admit, must break the heart of my tailor—even now. I have pre-war tail coats both for morning and evening which are as good as new, and indeed far better; and most of my shooting clothes go back to the great days of monster bags. That is to say, they belong to the days when pheasant bags were monster and hen's bags were not.

LORD STONEHAVEN.—

Lord Stonehaven, former chief of the Conservative party machine, has declared war on the Premier. Not an acre of her former colonies shall ever be returned to Germany except over his dead body. Lord Stonehaven is a peer. Ergo, in German eyes, he is an important man, if he does not speak for majority official opinion. In England, it is not so. Our trouble is to remember the surnames and achievements (if any) of the hundreds of new peers who jostle us.

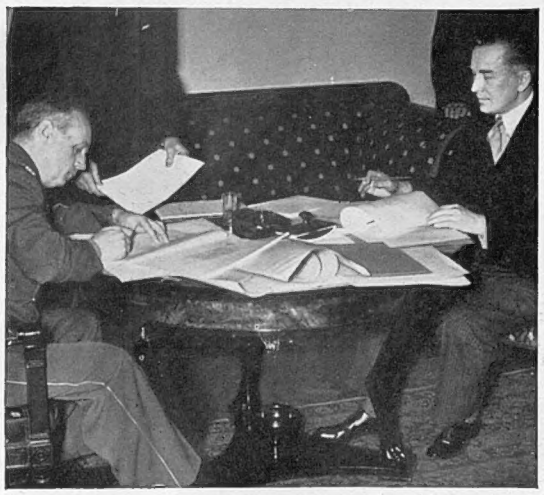
HERE TO INSPECT THE WORKINGS OF OUR DEMOCRATIC MACHINE: These Scandinavian local government officials, pictured on the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, have come over to England in a party of 250 as the guests of the National Association of Local Government Officers

DEBS MAKE THEIR DEBUT EN MASSE: Some of the young ladies at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House, where they acted as maids of honour. Said columnist Charles Graves in the *Daily Mail*: "This year's crop of debutantes is quite the prettiest for years"

EUROPE'S BUSY FOREIGN MINISTERS

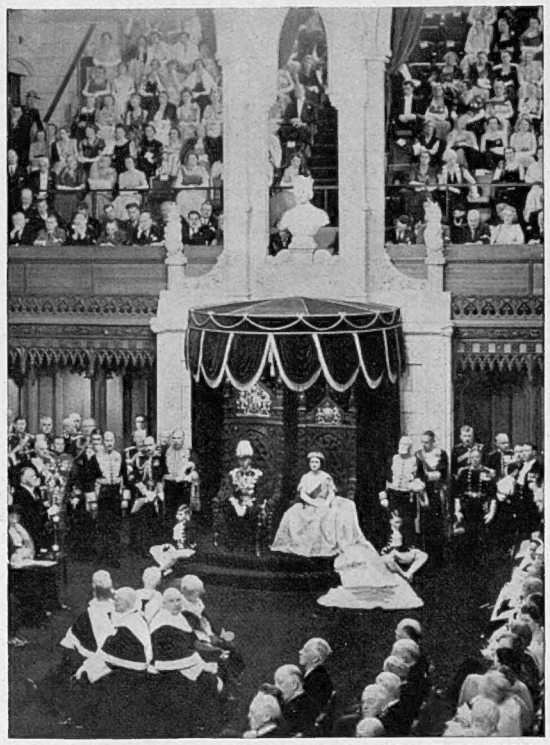
THE MEASURE OF RUSSIA'S CO-OPERATION WITH THE WESTERN DEMOCRACIES was the subject of their conversation when British Foreign Minister Halifax and French Foreign Minister Bonnet met in Paris last week. Lord Halifax was en route to Geneva

GUEST OF THE FÜHRER: Italian Foreign Minister Ciano inspecting Herr Hitler's bodyguard of Stormtroopers before being received by the Chancellor in Berlin. During his stay Count Ciano signed the Italo-German military pact that had been negotiated in Milan



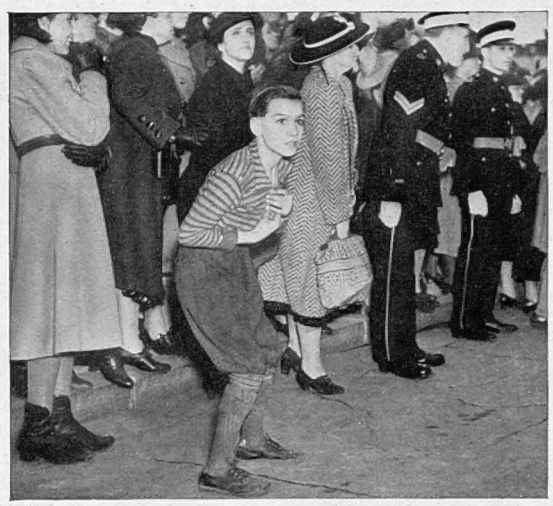
LITHUANIA IS PLEASED because Herr von Ribbentrop (left) has signed a trade treaty with M. Urbschys, the Lithuanian Foreign Minister (right). As a result Lithuania will have free zones allotted in Memel

VIGNETTES OF THE CANADIAN TOUR

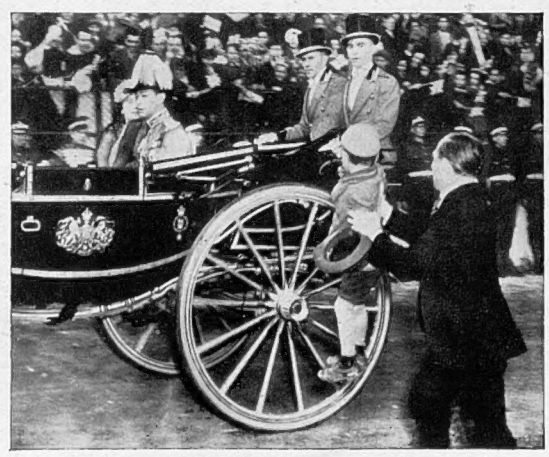


THE KING AND QUEEN ENTHRONED IN THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT: Their Majesties in the Senate House at Ottawa, where the King delivered a speech from the Throne on the day of his arrival in the city

READY FOR THEIR JOURNEY TO TORONTO: A delightful new picture of the famous Dionne quintuplets taken before they met the King and Queen this week. The informal meeting proved a tremendous success

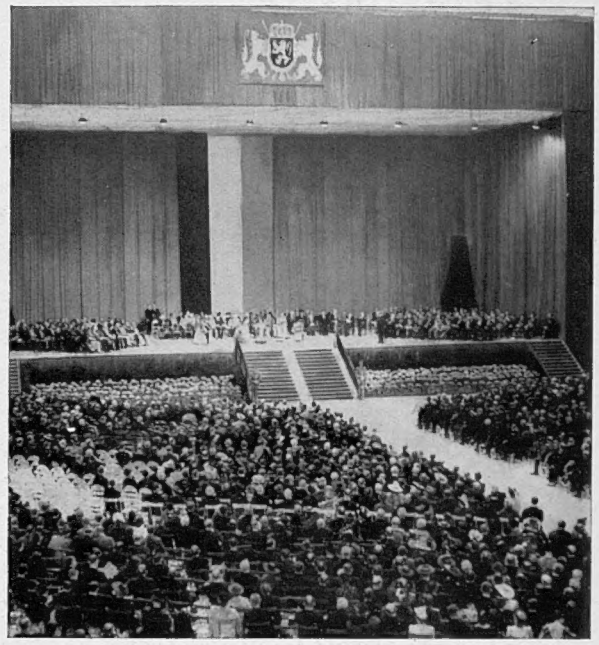


THE FERVOUR OF CANADA'S PEOPLE is reflected in these two pictures (*above* and *below*) taken in Ottawa as the King and Queen made their triumphal entry into the Federal capital. Their Majesties should now be in Banff, where it was arranged that they should enjoy a brief rest before they went on to Vancouver



BELGIAN ROYALTY AT LIÉGE EXHIBITION

KING LEOPOLD AND HIS CHILDREN seen as they arrived at the Salle des Fêtes in Liége last Saturday when the Prince of Liége, the King's five-year-old son, opened the International Water Exhibition. It is being held in order to celebrate the construction of the 100-mile long Albert Canal that runs between Antwerp and Liége



THE GATHERING IN THE SALLE DES FÊTES, where the Prince of Liége opened the International Water Exhibition. He was held up before the microphone by King Leopold

BELGIUM'S ROYAL FAMILY: King Leopold (right) with his children at Liége. The eldest is Princess Josephine, who bears a striking resemblance to her mother, the late Queen Astrid. Eight-year-old Crown Prince Baudouin comes next, while the Prince of Liége is the youngest

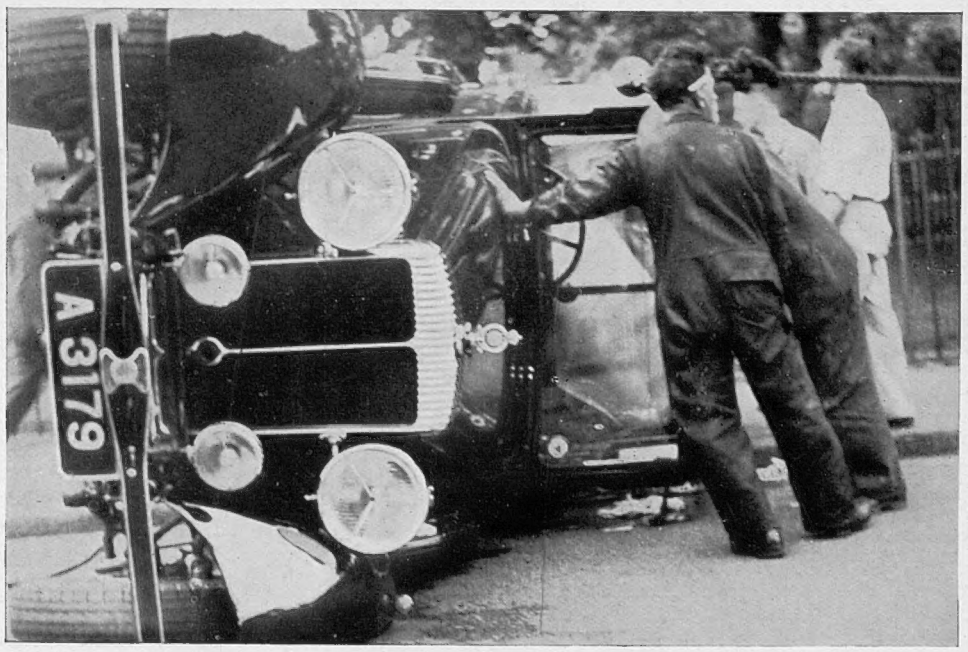
BLUE PETER SCORES a RUNAWAY VICTORY in the 1939 DERBY

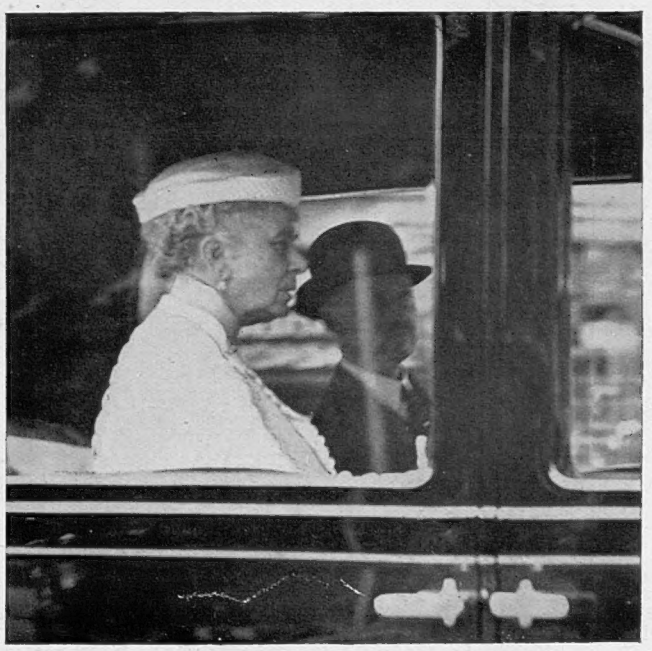
Lord Rosebery's Popular Win in the Great Race—Fox Cub and Heliopolis Follow the Favourite Home at a Distance

THUNDERING ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER: Lord Derby's Heliopolis leading the Derby field and closely followed by Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter as they made the turn into the straight in last Wednesday's big race. After this point Blue Peter forged right ahead, winning in runaway style by four lengths from Mr. Edward Esmond's stayer, Fox Cub. It was not a particularly exciting race owing to the immense superiority of the winner, but it was a popular victory, as Blue Peter was a firm favourite at 7-2 and he is owned by Lord Rosebery whose family connections with Epsom date back many years. The present Lord Rosebery has never before won a Derby. His father, the great Liberal statesman, was successful three times, Ladas (1894), Sir Visto (1895) and Cicero (1905) making the treble

BLUE PETER PASSES THE POST: Lord Rosebery's fine colt pictured as he scored his runaway Derby victory, thus following up in convincing style his success in the Two Thousand Guineas. He was ridden by E. Smith, one of our outstanding younger jockeys, and trained by J. Jarvis. Four lengths away in second place was Mr. Edward Esmond's Fox Cub, while another three lengths in rear was the sadly tired Heliopolis which had cut out the work from the start of the race

QUEEN MARY INJURED IN A MOTORING ACCIDENT: Her Majesty's Fortitude





THE WRECKED ROYAL CAR seen at the corner of Wimbledon Park Road and West Hill Road, Putney, after it had come into collision with a lorry. Queen Mary, who was returning from the country, had to be extricated by means of a ladder. She showed immense fortitude and, after resting a short while in a nearby doctor's house, was able (*as depicted on right*) to go home to Marlborough House. On the following day it was revealed that Her Majesty sustained an eye injury in the accident, but a bulletin issued from Marlborough House, and unsigned, emphasised that there was no cause for anxiety. Queen Mary was also stated to be suffering from considerable bruising and shock and all her immediate engagements were cancelled. A full message conveying the doctors' report was sent to the King

ROYALTY AT HOME

Queen Mary's Activity while the

QUEEN MARY CARRIES ON: Her Majesty talking with a craftsman in the course of her visit to 35, Lowndes Square for the Exhibition and Sale of Embroidery worked by disabled men. During the absence of the King and Queen in Canada, Queen Mary is engaged on a round of intense activity and nearly every day she has a full programme of public duties to perform

WHERE WINTER LINGERED: The King, in warm tweeds, and the Queen, with a rug as additional protection, on the deck of the *Empress of Australia* during the last stages of their journey to Canada when they were continually held up

ROYAL REACTIONS AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: While Queen Mary laughed heartily at one of the lighter incidents in the show, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret looked on in rapt attention. The Princesses always thoroughly enjoy the pageantry of the tournament. It was opened this year by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. *Below*—The Duchess of Gloucester talking with one of the disabled at the Exhibition and Sale of Work by Disabled Men at 35, Lowndes Square. She paid her visit on the same day as Queen Mary and spoke to each of the thirty men who had made the articles displayed

ON THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE: The King and the Queen, who is seen using her movie camera, pictured during one of the clear intervals on the second half of the voyage when the *Empress of Australia*

AND ON THE HIGH SEAS

King and Queen Journeyed to Canada

ESKIMO STYLE: On another day during the voyage the Queen wore this hooded coat to keep out the intense cold which is always felt in the region of icebergs. There was very much more ice than usual on the shipping lanes and there were no fewer than eighty great bergs reported round about 44 deg. North

was being constantly held up by the presence of icebergs, which were engaged in their southward drift to meet the Gulf Stream. Conditions on the north Atlantic this spring have really been quite phenomenal in their severity. An article on the subject appeared in "The Sphere" on May 20

PLOUGHING THROUGH THE ICEFIELD: Looking from the stern of the *Empress of Australia* as she made her way through the ice which continually bumped against her sides, scraping off the new paintwork. In the distance is one of the two escorting cruisers. At this stage the *Repulse* had already turned for home. *Below*—A MORNING OF SUNSHINE: The Queen (on right of group) and members of the Royal entourage basking on the after-deck

BLUE PETER'S BLUE RIBAND

Derby Horses that Carried Big Money

"ANYTHING THAT BEATS THE FAVOURITE WILL WIN," said Mr. John A. Dewar when making his forecast at the London Press Club Derby Luncheon at which owners, trainers, and jockeys gathered to give their usual, carefully guarded tips for the big race. Blue Peter (above) was a heavily backed favourite

"MY TRAINER TELLS ME HE IS VERY HOPEFUL ABOUT HELIOPOLIS," said Lord Derby at the Derby Luncheon. Heliopolis was one of several horses in the race sired by Lord Derby's Derby winner, Hyperion

ANOTHER SON OF HYPERION: Mr. W. Woodward's Hypnotist was heavily backed for the great race after running well in the Two Thousand Guineas and winning the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield Park

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the Derby was inaugurated the winning owner received a gold cup valued at £200, the jockey received a silver replica, and the trainer received a silver salver. Mr. Charles Boyter, the designer, is seen holding the £200 cup

A Great Day for LIÉGE

Her Young Prince Opens the International Exhibition

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Prince Albert of Liége showed no embarrassment when his father lifted him up to the microphone. "Je declare ouverte l'Exposition Internationale de l'Eau," he said firmly, and the applause which greeted the sailor-suited child nearly shook the walls of the great Feast Hall.

The opening was a great surprise to all of us. The two older children had arrived at the ceremony at the same time as their father. It was during one of the official speeches that the little Prince of Liége arrived, and he was greeted then by tremendous applause, but still nobody guessed that he had such important work to do. His last visit to the city was shortly after his birth, when he was presented to the people of his princedom by his father and Queen Astrid, only a short time before her tragic death. There is a large statue of her with him in the Cathedral which commemorates this sad event. Beside it is a glass case containing the dress she wore. Liége was deeply devoted to the Queen who did so much for them, and full of pride in the small Prince.

So it was in an atmosphere of affection and genuine feeling that the great Water Exhibition was opened. Springing from the urgent necessity to revive interest in a city which had been cruelly hit by the industrial slump of the last ten years, the scheme for a small national exhibition rapidly grew to a vast international arrangement.

The Royal party made a complete tour. They travelled in the aerial railway, looking down on the vast planning of the artificial city; on the barges and speed-boats and vedettes which dodged about on the Meuse. They visited all the pavilions that were ready, and at an enormous tea-party at the Lido, the King received personally many of his friends and official guests.

Three special trains had brought dignitaries of every kind from the capital. Orders and medals shone in the sunlight. Most of the women had accepted the Continental interpretation of *robe d'après-midi*, and wore long, full skirts. But in this season of flowers, I looked round in vain for their welcome presence. Barely a button-hole, never a bouquet, and not even a suggestion of the floral frivolities that are so popular in England.

Countries, industries, and firms are all represented by splendid pavilions which flank the river-side promenades. The British contribution is Butlin's Fun-Fair, and it is a very popular break in the deeply impressive exhibition of industrial achievement by water. The German pavilion —the only one constructed entirely by foreign workmen— was one of the few foreign pavilions open on the Saturday. On Monday the French Ambassador opened the great green and glass French Palace, while a long and gay procession depicting the history of the Meuse walked slowly past. Old men and children, rich men and poor, humble and important, had put on colourful costumes to swell the ranks of the representatives of all that has gone to make Liége history. Huntsmen, flowers, bees, churchmen, and groups suggesting the main interests of the countries participating in the exhibition walked on to music, through a large part of the exhibition and into a small Ardenne village, constructed for the occasion. Dancers, with headdresses of water creatures, attracted a huge crowd.

The deep pink of the natural soil sets off the white palaces perfectly, and anyone suffering from "Exhibition feet" on the uneven ground can be carried right round the grounds on a sturdy miniature railway. But the whole thing is so generously laid out, and the various booths, restaurants and bars are so temptingly placed, that tiredness seems a stranger. There is a splendid feeling of space, of cleanliness, and of good taste. It seems almost incredible that not so many months ago the site was a waste land, largely covered by one of the great slag-dumps common to all mining towns, and which glower, resentful excrescences, between the streets of the town.

Flowers and grass, for which special soil had to be carted to the place; white disguised telegraph poles, each equipped with a microphone; everywhere flags, and at night coloured lights, give that indescribable feeling of gaiety and phantasy peculiar to these huge artificial cities. At night fireworks blazed far into the sky, and seemed to burn as deeply in the river.

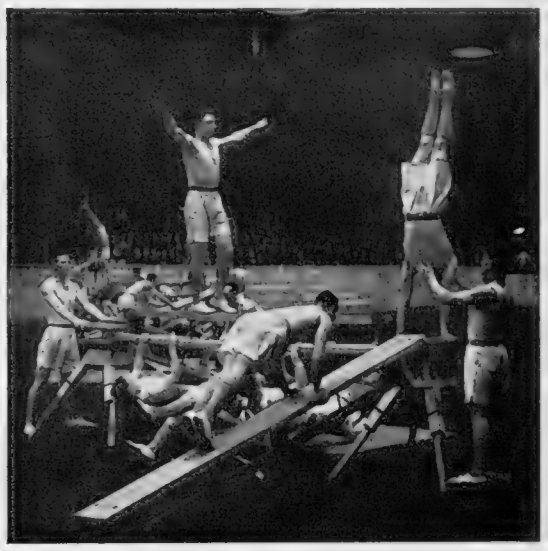
Climbing down the cobbled steps from the citadel which surmounts the modern part of the city, standing in the squares, drinking and staring, the natives of Liége can hardly believe the splendour of their own city. Watching the colours and the lights, and the great fountain-ship, which, reminiscent of Flecker, "bursts open" with a jet of water some 300 ft. high, it must seem as though some fairy godmother had touched the place with her wand. And while the life of the town still goes on, the men working, the women bargaining in the markets for food and clothes and flowers; while a band, playing energetically from an old cart, are perhaps oblivious to any exhibition other than their own efforts to sell their sheet music, Liége, the great armament city of Belgium, has become, as Mr. Guardia (Mayor of New York) expressed in his congratulatory telegram on the opening night, a centre for international friendliness.

Hermione Beauclerk

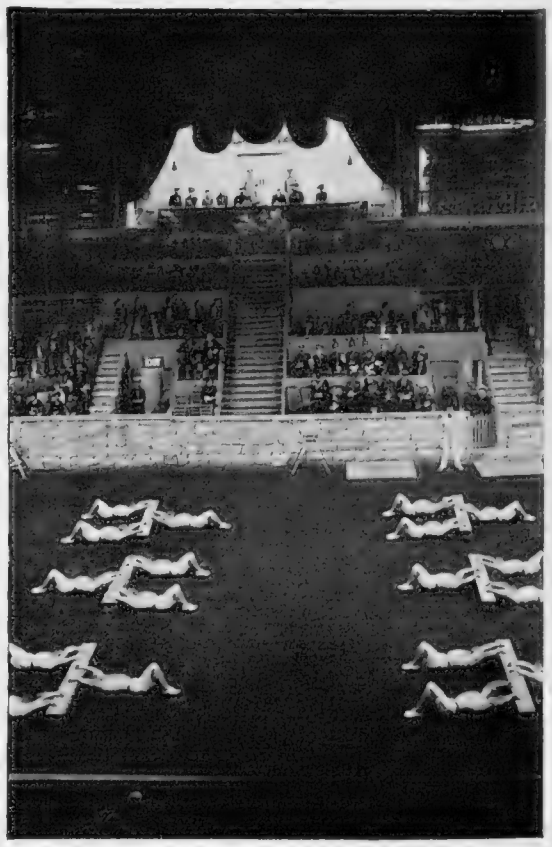
ROYAL TOURNAMENT, 1939

Physical Fitness Again to the Fore

SYMBOL OF MILITARY PAGEANTRY: This drummer on his piebald horse takes part in the Royal Tournament which has this week been exercising its never failing attraction at Olympia. The Duke and Duchess of Kent were present at the opening performance



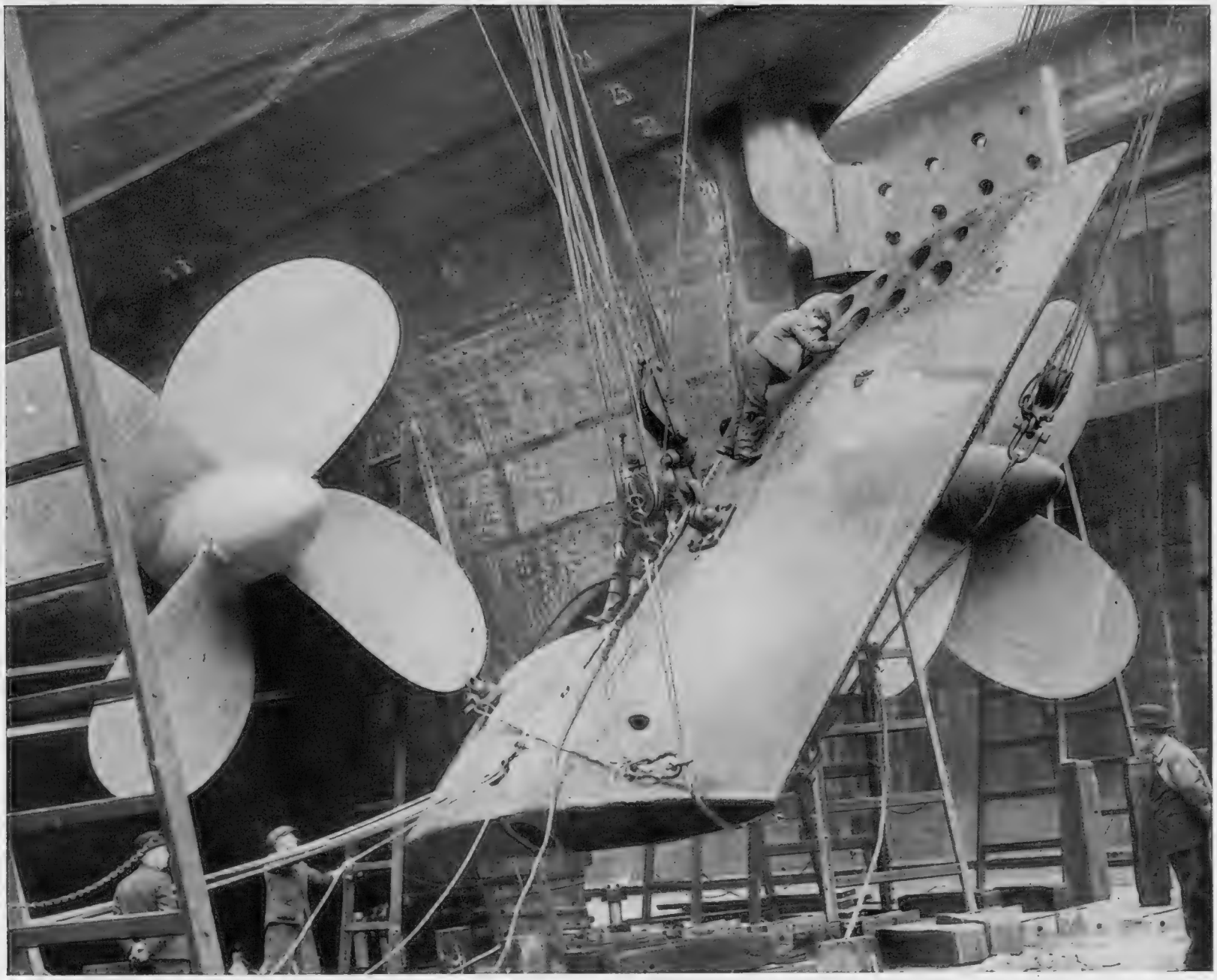
DESIGN FOR FITNESS: A display given at the Royal Tournament by the Army School of Physical Training. The use of newly devised adjustable forms and supports enables them to assume all kinds of novel positions



STUDENTS FROM THE ARMY SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL TRAINING pictured during another moment in their bright display at Olympia. The Royal Tournament's daily programme concludes with a spectacular display by the Territorials, who demonstrate the use of the new mechanised arms. The motor cyclists draw enthusiastic applause from the audience

THE NEW "MAURETANIA" PREPARES FOR SEA

Fitting the Rudder in Dry Dock Before the Liner Runs Her Trials - Southampton Enlarges an Ocean Quay



HIGH AND DRY! Men engaged in fitting the 50-ton rudder to the 34,000-ton Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania* in the Gladstone Graving Dock at Liverpool where during the past ten days the vessel has been prepared for her trials which will be run on the Skelmorlie mile early next month. In this dry dock the opportunity has also been taken to give the hull a final coat of paint. The *Mauretania* will be the largest liner to make London her home port

On left— **SOUTHAMPTON DOCK IMPROVEMENT:** These concrete piers have been sunk to allow of the widening of the Union-Castle wharf. The additional 20 ft. so created will greatly facilitate the discharge of cargo and passengers. The alterations will be completed by September

THE LEAGUE TO LEAVE SWITZERLAND?

Will the Swiss Attitude Force it to Evacuate Geneva?

"WEIGHTILY GRANDIOSE, BRIDALLY WHITE": The Assembly Building and the Library of the Palace of the League of Nations which, as Ferdinand Tuohy indicates in his article, is, through its very presence, becoming an increasing source of embarrassment to traditionally neutral Switzerland. *On left*—An aerial view showing the layout of the Palace

By FERDINAND TUOHY

NEWS printed in these columns several months ago has become more public property through the "national dailies" having happened on it. The League of Nations is under conditional notice to leave Switzerland. Or, rather, its personnel is.

The £1,750,000 Genevan Palace of the Nations, property of over fifty of them, equal in service to Versailles, weightily grandiose, bridally white, would continue to present a conundrum for the Swiss. Nor, so easily, could its enormous and controversial contents be sent a'wandering, as well its many hundred humans one day may be, clasping their skeleton files and documentation.

The League itself has been perfectly innocuous since I passed by in early December. It has not signified life in the faintest degree as the map of Europe has been forcibly re-drawn. Swallowed Czechoslovakia and Albania were members. Memel's rightful status subjected it to League care, a condition, however, disrupted by Lithuania in 1923.

There has been one Council meeting at Geneva, directly following Mr. Chamberlain's Roman jaunt, and so fleeting an affair was it that its stars, Lord Halifax and M. Bonnet, might just as well have split an *eau minérale* at the Cornavin terminal and then carried on direct for their respective capitals.

Note has had to be taken by the Secretariat of the withdrawal of more states, including Spain and Hungary. The following now seem to be outside the League: United States, Japan, Germany, Italy, Spain, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Abyssinia, Albania, Mexico, Brazil or the Argentine, and half a dozen lesser South American states. There is no reason for not including suppressed states which still live on in the minds of their populations. No matter in what circumstances they ceased to be represented at Geneva the deletion of these countries affects the League just the same: reduced membership conduces to remaining members having to pay proportionately more, a factor which of itself can promote further exits.

The League is lucky to have that master economiser, a Frenchman, in control, as budgets show less and less paid up in dues. Under 84 per cent. of the total sum due was the story for 1938 and it is certain to be considerably less for 1939. But Secretary-General Avenol scrapes and axes, to the dismay of a dwindling Secretariat, and hopes to win through the lean years, backed by the League's funds amounting to over £3,000,000, belonging, of course, to its members, which can claim their portions on quitting. M. Avenol holidays above the Tweed and maybe the air gives him new ideas for economising.

The one sign of heart-beat outside the collecting of dues and data has been artistic. The League emerged as the world's most magnificent cloak-room for the reception and safeguarding of the masterpieces of the Prado and other Spanish galleries. The fact that hardly were the goods checked in than they were checked out again, belonged to the fortunes of war; and considering he was leaving the League it was a pretty gesture on Franco's part to allow some of the masterpieces to remain on for a show in Geneva.

During the winter and spring, then, the League did nothing to offend a soul or draw attention upon itself—except exist. This was enough to cause the host-nation, Switzerland, to persevere with a line of thought hurriedly born in the startling days of September last; with the sequel that M. Avenol's main preoccupation to-day is preparing plans for evacuation.

In her ache after neutrality (as if a winning Hitler would leave alone those close on 3,000,000 German-speaking Swiss!) Helvetia has been promulgating decrees designed to insulate the Confederation and the Cantons from Fascist intrigue and also from tendencies that might antagonise totalitarians. Like a number of democratic countries, democratic Switzerland wants at all costs to stand right clear of a democratic-totalitarian show-down. And in the unfolding of this Swiss vision the League building has progressively played a more obtrusive part.

While the monster mass was yet incomplete, in 1935, the Federal authorities requested that its white immensity should be equipped with costly steel shutters and blue lights as anti-air-raid precautions. It was sanctions time and supposing the "Transalpines" did a bombing stunt? What a target! Unmissable on Ariana height, hard by the guiding lake, as it remains to-day.

No more happened until *crash* came that last week of September. Scurry, flurry. The Axis would quite certainly wreck the Palace of the Nations; might even try to occupy the Canton of Vaud because of it. High time that Geneva were rid of the international brain-box that so exasperated others. Yet there was no time to plan. It was decided that did war break, the League personnel was to remove at once to Fribourg, out of the way, back in the hills.

When war did not come, the Swiss had time to think anew and go further: if the Confederation were compelled thereafter to mobilise in protection of the national territory, the League personnel would have to move altogether from Switzerland, leaving a nucleus care-taking staff only. Such was the position until recently, when the present and intensive war scare set in. It was then hinted that the Secretary-General might get busy, before the bombardment, with plans for evacuation. If my information be correct, it was further conveyed that, war or no war, Switzerland would be obliged and relieved if the Secretariat could arrange to function elsewhere for an interim period until European conditions settled down once more.

Any indignity that the League is made to suffer, any uprooting rendering it less capable of exerting influence, is meat for the dictators who are not without means of "making their views known" to Switzerland or of getting their desires advanced by Swiss public men.

The position is, therefore, now this: In the event of a conflict breaking out that is deemed at Berne

(*Continued on page* 368)

On right—**NO LONGER THE SCENE OF BUSTLING ACTIVITY:** The delegates' entrance to the Palace

NEWS FROM "AXIS" LANDS:

Chancellor Hitler Inspects the Siegfried Line —Cheers for Signor Mussolini in Turin

THE FÜHRER SEES FOR HIMSELF: Herr Hitler surrounded by his officers as he studied a map during his visit to Germany's "western wall" of fortifications. On the day previously, the other Axis partner, Signor Mussolini, visited Turin where, as depicted *on right*, the crowd was in enthusiastic mood

ON GERMANY'S WESTERN WALL: Chancellor Hitler seen with his army chiefs as he walked among the barbed-wire entanglements above the River Moselle during his tour of inspection of the Siegfried Line, the system of defences which he has built up opposite France's equally impregnable Maginot Line. Since the famous Blomberg incident, when the army and the political leaders were distinctly at variance, the Führer has taken on the supreme command of all the military forces of the Reich, holding the chiefs of the three fighting services directly responsible to him. It will be noted, however, that when with the army he does not wear the same type of greatcoat as his generals, preferring the civilian-looking raincoat he affected before the time when he became a world figure

TWO SIDES OF LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND:

THE PALESTINE OF BARBED WIRE AND ARMED GUARDS has become unhappily familiar of recent years, and these two pictures, taken at gateways in Tegart's Wall, evidence how the Holy Land is now completely cut off from its neighbours so that arms smugglers and fomenters of trouble are prevented from crossing and re-crossing the frontiers. Palestine, however, is a land of astonishing contrasts, as witness the pictures on the opposite page showing the growth of secondary industries through the enterprise of immigrants. How this development has been achieved in the midst of such turmoil is almost in the nature of a miracle

REFRESHMENT FOR THIRSTY WARRIORS: British soldiers and Jewish supernumeraries being entertained at a Jewish colony near Akko after they had put to flight a band of terrorists. Until March terrorism continued unabated, and after a lull in April the announcement of the Government plan has brought about fresh strife

COURAGE IS NEEDED TO TRAVEL THE HIGHWAYS OF PALESTINE and attacks on commercial vehicles are still common, thus largely paralysing trade between town and town. The forepart of this lorry has been armour protected in order, if necessary, to allow of the driver running the gauntlet of Arab snipers

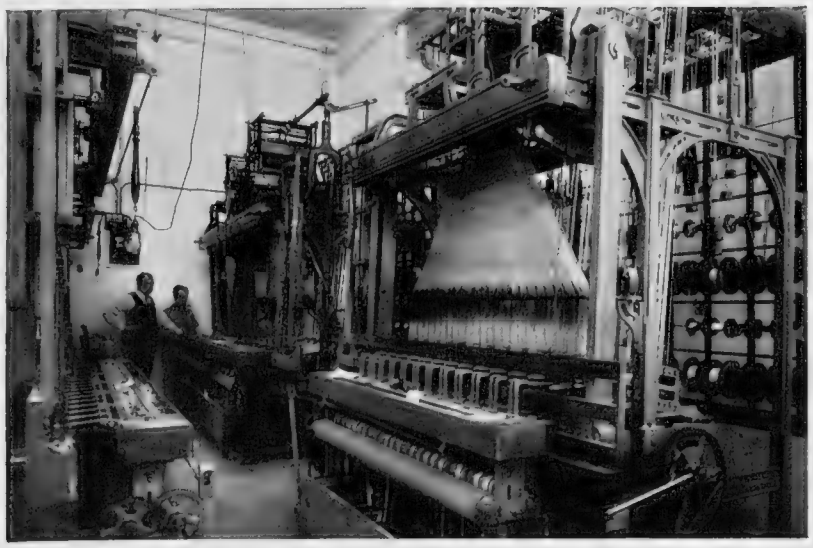
PRISON AND HAVEN: A Jewish woman and her child at Sarafand camp where they have been detained since they attempted to enter Palestine without permission

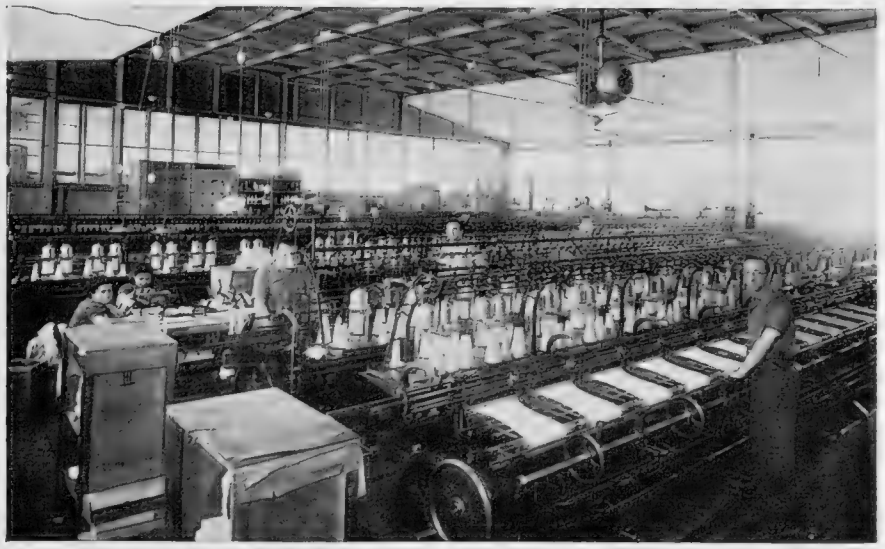
WHERE JEWS AND ARABS MEET: An ambulance outside one of the buildings at Sarafand, the military camp where numbers of terrorists have been sent of recent months. Numerous Jewish refugees from Europe, who have attempted to enter Palestine without permission, have also been interned at Sarafand

It was inevitable that restriction upon entry into Palestine and persecution of Jewry in Europe should lead to many people attempting to get into Palestine without permission. Some hundreds have tried this during the past year by such expedients as swimming ashore from steamers and landing at night on lonely stretches of the coast. The majority of these people have been caught and are now interned at Sarafand military camp, where the British soldiery have won their regard by treating them with generosity. Wealthy Jews in Palestine have done a great deal to help these refugees

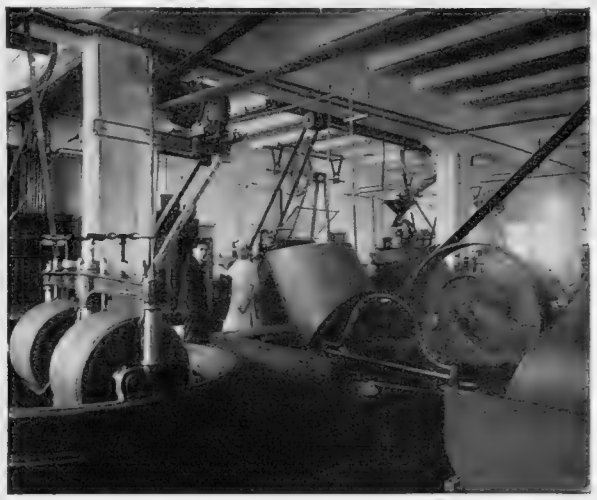
THOUGH ROBBED OF THEIR LIBERTY and living behind barbed wire, these Jews are content to be in the camp at Sarafand, away from European persecution

The Contrast of Barbed-wire Entanglements and Humming Factories

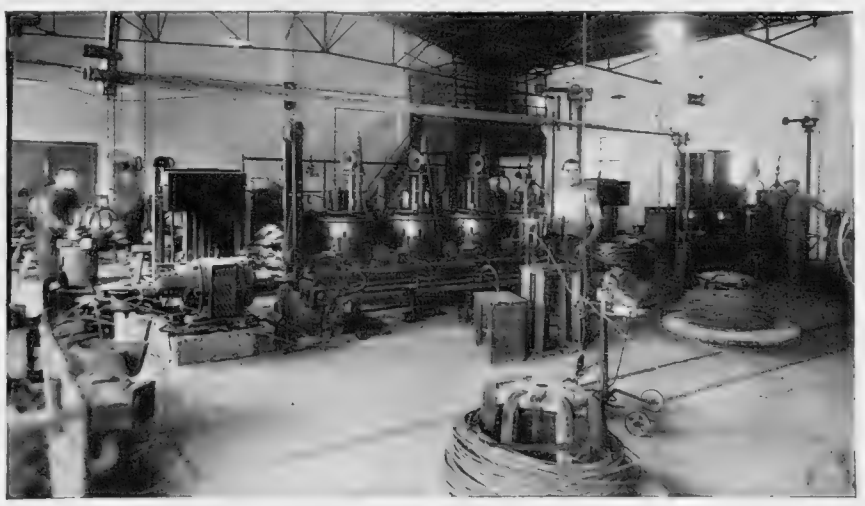




WHAT JEWISH INITIATIVE IS DOING: *Above*—A glimpse of the interior of the Ribbon and Woven Labels Factory at Tel Aviv and (*on right*) the Lodzia Textile Company's factory at Holon. Both concerns typify the extraordinary industrial development taking place in Palestine, once regarded as an essentially agricultural land. Jews from central Europe, employing money lent them by their more fortunate brethren, have established these factories and are running them on the most scientific lines. Despite the existing racial trouble that has disrupted the life of the whole country, they have kept the factories going and are, indeed, expanding their activities

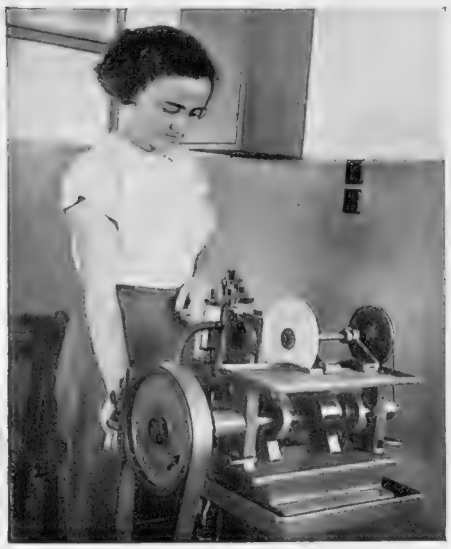


INDUSTRY FLOURISHES IN A LAND OF TURMOIL: More pictorial evidence of what Jewish enterprise is achieving in the Holy Land. *Left*—Stencilling patterns on cotton fabrics. *Centre*—Testing stockings and socks in the Lodzia Textile Company's works at Holon. *Right*—Machines grinding the cocoa beans in a chocolate factory



PRODUCING KNITTED UNDERWEAR in a wing of the Lodzia Textile Company's works at Holon, and (*below on left*) a girl operative in the "Okava" Safety Blade Works. Her machine puts the firm's trade mark on the blades. As a result of the establishment of such industries Palestine may one day become almost self-supporting

THE BARZELIT WIRE AND NAIL FACTORY AT PETAH-TIKVAH: Drawing the wire through machines to reduce the diameter at this modern works where electrical power and magnetic devices are employed. Petah-Tikvah was once a wholly agricultural colony. *Below on right*—Workers in the dispatch department of an elastic and ribbon factory



Readers of The Sphere *have from time to time seen in pictures evidence of the phenomenal growth of Tel Aviv, the all-Jewish city of Palestine, which has risen in a few decades from a mere village among the sand-dunes to a metropolis with a population of about 160,000 inhabitants. Within that city numerous industries are growing up—industries that are astonishing everyone by the progress that they are making—while similar developments are taking place at Haifa, Petah-Tikvah, and other Jewish centres in the country. It is really astonishing what has been achieved in a few short years and what a variety of goods is now produced. Motor bodies, electrical appliances, safes, razor blades, stockings, in fact practically everything from a needle to an anchor is likely to bear the mark, "Made in Palestine." Before long, indeed, it may well be that the country will become almost self-supporting. It is noted that the Jews, although only representing 30 per cent. of Palestine's population, are paying 70 per cent. of the taxes*

MEN OF 1914-18 IN

Learning Gunnery So That They May De

ALTHOUGH CLAD IN MUFTI, the pointing finger of the sergeant-major on the parade ground at once reminds these ex-service men of the days when they fought for King and country more than twenty years ago. Now they are back in the ranks again and, as members of the 17th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment (T.A.), it will be their duty in time of war to help defend factories situated in the area immediately north of the Thames

LEARNING AERIAL MACHINE-GUNNERY: Members of the 17th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment pictured with Royal Artillery instructors on the ranges at Lydd during week-end training by the Kent coast to help fit them for their allotted task of defending North London factories in the event of war. Being ex-service men there is a lot they know already, and before long they will shape into a first-rate unit. They are practising with old-type Lewis guns. *Below on left*—IT IS COLD AND WINDY ON THE RANGES, so this member of the battery wears both over-coat and mackintosh as he sorts ammunition before the commencement of shooting. In addition to shooting, the men also received lectures on theory during their visit to Lydd, returning home with much valuable knowledge

THE RANKS AGAIN

fend Their Thames-side Factories in Time of War

HE HOPES TO FIND THAT HIS EYE HAS NOT LOST ITS CUNNING, so, assisted by a sergeant instructor of the Royal Artillery, he takes aim at the towed target on the ranges. The low-lying land at Lydd is ideal for such practice. *Inset on left*—Another member of the battery shows his paces. As the target moves slowly in front of him he is following it with careful concentration before firing

On left—A YOUTHFUL SERGEANT OF THE MODERN ARMY helps a veteran pupil to refresh his memory on some of the finer points of gunnery. As his pupil is probably experienced in artillery, the sergeant can talk in technical terms without mystifying him

Above—THERE IS NOTHING GRIM ABOUT T.A. TRAINING, and the men have many a good-natured laugh at the expense of their colleagues during the inevitable trial and error period of training

The BAT CAVES *of* NEW MEXICO

Where One Single Chamber Could Contain the Entire Cheddar Gorge

IN THE KING'S THRONE ROOM: The so-called totem-poles in one of the vast chambers of New Mexico's Carlsbad Caves. The caves, with their wealth of stalagmites, stalactites, and other fantastic geological features, stretch for mile upon mile and no explorer has yet determined their full extent. One of the chambers is the home of millions of bats and when these emerge each night at feeding time they ascend into the sky in a continuous cloud, giving almost the appearance of a volcano in eruption. The caves were only discovered in 1902 and it is believed that they will one day rank in tourist popularity with Niagara and the Grand Canyon

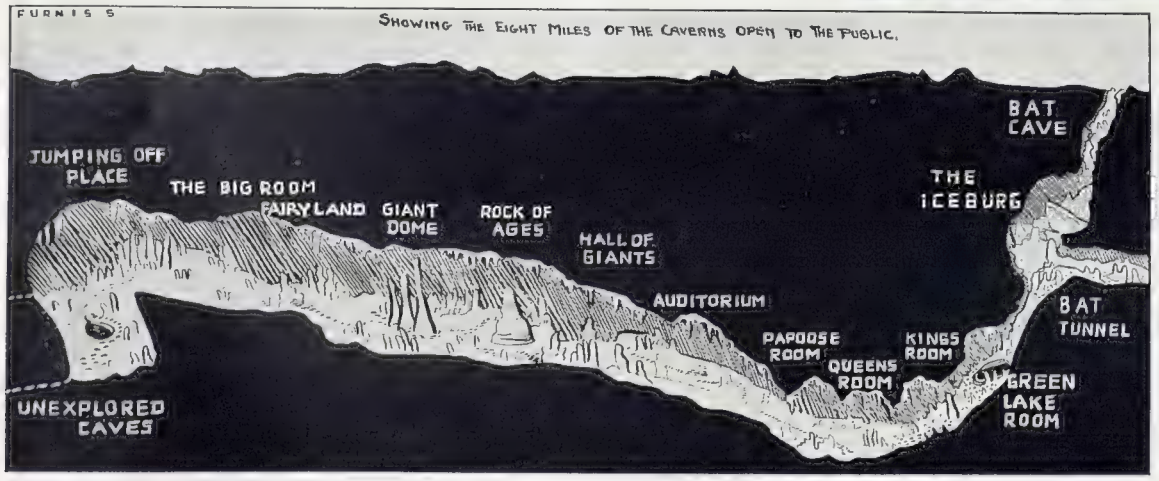
THE caves of Carlsbad, lying in a remote section of New Mexico, are by far the largest man has yet discovered; they would comfortably accommodate all the other caves in Europe. The Cheddar Gorge, complete with its mile-long motor road, would fit into a single chamber of Carlsbad. It is possible to walk through the part which has already been explored for a distance equal to that from London to Windsor, and it is believed that altogether these caverns stretch for close on 100 miles.

Despite their vast proportions, they have only comparatively recently been discovered. It was in 1902 that Jim White, a cowboy ranger, riding alone one evening along this desolate range of hills, saw what he thought was a volcano. It looked like a pillar of smoke rising out of the ground, but as he drew nearer he saw to his amazement it was not smoke at all, but a veritable cloud of bats—millions and millions of them—with their wings nearly touching, whirling out of a huge black cavern in the ground. These bats continued to boil up out of the ground in an almost solid mass for over an hour. Next morning Jim White decided to let himself down on a rope to explore; that's how Carlsbad Caverns were first discovered, and Jim White is down there to this day, still pressing on with his explorations.

I met him myself last autumn; there he was 750 ft. below the surface of the earth. He certainly had a fascinating story to tell me. It seems incredible, but it was not until 1922 that he was able to persuade the first sightseers to make the necessary journey to Carlsbad to investigate the caves. Of course, one must remember they are situated in what was until recently one of the most remote and inaccessible corners of the U.S.A., right on the borders of Mexico—a full 2,400 miles from New York. Even to-day the only practicable way of getting there is to fly. American Airlines will take you overnight to El Paso—that's 200 miles from the caves, and the last part of the journey must be made by road. I don't think I have ever before been on such a lonely and desolate road. We never passed a single house the whole way; the only sign of life was a great black vulture sitting on the carcase of a dead steer. Apart from that there was nothing but endless scrub and cactus.

I entered the caves by the same hole that Jim White used in 1902. Since the Government took them over they have cut steps into the rocks and the going is easy. Down, down I went into ever-increasing darkness, until I reached the entrance of a sloping tunnel. From this point onwards, for the full 8 miles which is the only portion as yet open to the public, the Government have fitted electric light. They have done it superbly. Nowhere can the actual lights be seen, each is hidden in the hollow crystal formation of stalagmites or stalactites, and the result is that everything is suffused in a soft pink glow; the colours are just glorious.

It is only by the aid of this skilful lighting that you can form any idea of the vast proportions of the caves. Now you can gaze down into the almost bottomless holes which surround your path, or up amongst the stalactites of the roof where a thousand of them may be seen at once, like icicles in a crystal cave, stretching their fine points down until they touch the tops of the forest of stalagmites which surround you. And all are aglow with indirect light,



NATURE IN FANTASTIC MOOD: Stalagmites in the King's Throne Room, the outstanding feature of the Carlsbad Caves, and (*on left*) a sketch map showing the various chambers which have so far been fully explored and opened to the public. They cover 8 miles, but it is thought possible that in all the caves stretch a distance of about 100 miles

(*Continued on page* 368)

A PALACE ON WHEELS: The Royal Canadian Tour Train

A STUDY IN BLUE AND SILVER: This is one of the two engines being employed to pull the Royal train across Canada, taking the King and Queen on the long journey to the Pacific coast. The engines are of much heavier type than those used in Britain as they have to pull heavier trains over steeper gradients

COOKS OF THE ROYAL TRAIN: Chef T. G. Gear and Chef Instructor James P. Morgan, of the Canadian National Railways, who are preparing the meals for the King and Queen and their entourage during the trans-continental journey. Having to cook within a confined space is an art that is only acquired by years of experience

THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM on the Royal train. The room where Her Majesty will spend many nights in the course of the trans-continental tour. The panel in the left background opens on the King's bedroom, thus enabling Their Majesties to speak privately to each other at night. The two coaches they occupy, and which have been specially decorated, are regularly used by H. E. Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General

THE ROYAL APARTMENTS: A glimpse of the dining-room from Their Majesties' spacious private sitting-room on the Royal train. The suite has telephonic communication with the other coaches on the train and also with the outside world. It is possible, indeed, for the Queen to telephone daily to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, 4,000 or 5,000 miles away in London

THE QUESTION OF THE ELGIN MARBLES: The Alleged Compared

ONCE AGAIN THE SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY: Part of one of the great friezes in the British Museum's renowned collection of sculptures which were taken from the Parthenon by the Earl of Elgin and acquired by Britain in 1816 at a cost of £35,000. Now they are in the news as a result of an allegation that they have been damaged in the process of cleaning prior to their transference to the £80,000 gallery Lord Duveen has presented for their housing

THE GLORIOUS LEGACY OF GREECE: Another portion of the Elgin marbles; a picture taken before the much-criticised cleaning operations were begun. According to Mr. Arthur Holcombe, who was in charge of the six masons engaged in the cleaning, the men used a solution of soap, water, and ammonia after first brushing the dirt off the marbles with a soft brush. Finally they were wiped over with distilled water. The alleged damage was caused by the employment of a blunt copper tool on the dirtier portions

On left—
THE EAST SIDE OF THE PARTHENON FRIEZE, the unsatisfactory cleaning of which has involved the British Museum in such criticism. The pictures given on this page show Athenian cavalry in the two upper views; at foot, magistrates standing beside Hermes seated

Damage Done at the British Museum with the Damage at the Parthenon

When Lord Elgin brought to England the renowned marbles from the Parthenon in 1806 he faced a battery of criticism. To-day the Elgin marbles are once again the subject of controversy, and this time the British Museum stands accused for allegedly harming the marbles in the course of cleaning.

Discussion on the subject is intensely heated at the moment, and only last week-end Sculptor Epstein entered the lists.

It is possible, however, that passions would be abated somewhat if it were fully realised how wonderfully preserved are the marbles brought to London by Lord Elgin compared with those which have remained in situ on the Parthenon. The contrast is shown on these pages, and though it does not in any way provide an excuse for the Museum authorities, if excuse be needed, it helps at least to put the whole subject into rather truer perspective. It should be pointed out that Lord Elgin's efforts were prompted by a desire to save the sculptures from the damage they were suffering under the existing Turkish regime, and that the House of Commons, after inquiry, vindicated his action.

WHERE THE DESTRUCTION GOES ON APACE: A view of the Parthenon from which Lord Elgin took the famous marbles in 1806. The wonderful sculptures that still remain in situ were reported to be deteriorating as a result of fumes from Athens factories. By comparison the damage wrought at the British Museum is quite negligible

HOW THE MARBLES WERE PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A view showing in the foreground the sculptures from the pediment of the Parthenon, including the famous Horse of Selene. The plan to clean the marbles was instituted when Lord Duveen presented a new £80,000 gallery to house them in fitting splendour

THE RAVAGES OF INDUSTRIALISM: *Above* is a plaster cast made a number of years ago of a section of the famous Parthenon frieze, and *on the right* is the same frieze as it is to-day in its position on the Parthenon. The serious havoc that has been wrought partly by weather and partly by the destructive fumes rising from the industrial quarter of Athens is obvious to the eye. At the same time it is equally clear that the marbles that were brought to England at the beginning of the last century have been saved from a similar fate and that in comparison the damage alleged during cleaning at the British Museum is not such a very serious matter

PRODUCED BY A WHIM OF NATURE: This picture, which is described as the earliest photograph in existence, was found on the mount behind an old pencil drawing of the 2nd Duke of Hamilton. The reproduction was caused by the bleaching action of the sun's rays through the drawing on to the backing sheet, and it is probable the process occupied a century. It is in the exhibition being held at the Royal Society of Arts to commemorate the centenary of photography

NATURE TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH

A Curiosity at the Royal Society of Arts Exhibition Celebrating the Centenary of Photography

The year 1939 is a big one in the annals of photography, marking, as it does, the centenary of this art that has caused such a revolution in the realm of commerce and publishing.

To commemorate the occasion a centenary exhibition is being held at the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, London, W.C., and among the many noteworthy exhibits is one which is described as the earliest photograph in existence and the only known specimen of a natural sun picture.

In 1799, it appears, Lady Anne Hamilton, a descendant of the 2nd Duke of Hamilton, was examining some old drawings that were hanging near a window at Hamilton Palace, Lanarkshire, and found on the mount behind an old pencil drawing of the 2nd Duke a perfect shadow print. This had been caused by the bleaching action of the sun's rays through the drawing on to the backing sheet. The drawing was made in 1678, and it had taken 121 years for the process to be completed.

Mr. J. Dudley Johnston, hon. secretary of the Royal Photographic Society, the present owner of the picture, said in an interview a few days ago: "It is the only one of its kind that is known. That it has not come to light before must be due to the fact that nobody was aware of its significance."

A FOX TALBOT CAMERA: One of the instruments used by the great British pioneer of photography. It is included in the centenary exhibition at the Royal Society of Arts. In Fox Talbot's time photography was intensely laborious

CAMERA RECORDS OF THE CHILDREN OF QUEEN VICTORIA: Two early pictures included in the centenary exhibition of photography at the Royal Society of Arts. One is of the Duke of Connaught at the age of four and the other of Princess Helena, who later became the wife of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Louise, who became Duchess of Argyll and who now, at the age of ninety-one, lives with Princess Beatrice at Kensington Palace. Both these pictures were taken in the very early days of photography before the dry plate process had mercifully superseded the cumbersome wet plate

FRANCO'S VICTORY PARADE: One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Troops File Past in Madrid

ITALIAN MOTOR-CYCLIST TROOPS RIDE PAST THE SALUTING TRIBUNE where General Franco greets them with upraised arm. A dramatic episode during the Victory Parade in Madrid last week when 150,000 troops took part, among them being 12,000 Italians under General Gambara. The roadway in front of the tribune, it will be seen, was strewn with flowers and the whole city, which two months ago wore such an air of drabness, was completely transformed

WAITING THEIR TURN: Men of the Littorio Division pictured before they marched through Madrid with the other Italian divisions during General Franco's big victory parade. The Italians, numbering 12,000 in all, took 75 minutes to file past the saluting tribune

EL CAUDILLO SALUTES HIS TROOPS: A close-up of General Franco during the five-hour Victory Parade. Just before the start of the march past Franco was decorated with the Cross of Laurada, Spain's highest military distinction. *On left*—Nurses giving the Fascist salute

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GUARDIAN OF THE EASTERN SEAS

A British Destroyer Steams Into Hong Kong During Boisterous Weather

FROM A PICTURE SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE SPHERE" BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

With Japan rampant upon the Asian continent and her warships in control of Chinese ports, Britain's China Squadron has a responsible task in deterring the invader from any possible infringements of British rights. That she is accomplishing that task with firm dignity is satisfactorily apparent, as witness the landing of British marines last week at Kulangsu, the international settlement of Amoy, when their presence, together with that of American and French units, had a most salutary effect upon the situation. Hong Kong is the headquarters of the China Squadron, and in this oil-painting, Montague Dawson, the well-known marine artist, shows one of our destroyers entering the harbour in rough weather, passing on her way some of the junks that lend such a picturesque air to these waters. Of all the great ports of China, Hong Kong possesses incomparably the finest harbour, and, unlike Canton, Shanghai, and Tientsin, does not stand directly in the path of silt brought down by any great river. Warships can enter Hong Kong without difficulty and are always on hand to defend the merchant shipping which in normal times brings such prosperity to the colony

JAPAN VIOLATES KULANGSU : An Ill-advised Move Affecting British and American Interests

SCENE OF THE JAPANESE VIOLATION : A view of the eastern end of the wooded island of Kulangsu where British and other non-Chinese residents of the treaty port of Amoy have their homes. The landing of the Japanese on the island and a subsequent house-to-house search have caused grave uneasiness

HONG KONG

TIME and again the question has been raised and the pros and cons argued among Amoy residents—"Will the Japanese dare to land on Kulangsu?" Now they have done it. The wooded slopes of the tiny island hitherto regarded as sacred to the "foreign" (non-Chinese) residents of the treaty port of Amoy in south China have been violated. A party of Japanese marines landed from two warships last Friday, ostensibly for the "protection of the Japanese," as a result of a supposed Chinese guerrilla incident.

At home people are apt to regard this news, announced in a brief Press paragraph, as "just another of these Japanese landings." But to those of us who know Kulangsu it is almost as if a little piece of Britain had been desecrated. Those attractive houses, set in picturesque gardens half hidden by trees, are the homes of English-speaking and European families, run as much as possible like other homes in Britain, the United States and the Continent. The main differences are that they are of course staffed by Chinese, and that the breadwinner, instead of taking a bus or train to his office or stepping into his own car, is ferried across the narrow strip of water dividing the residential district of Kulangsu from the commercial trading port of the island of Amoy.

Last year when the Japanese shelled Amoy preparatory to occupying it (while the British and American destroyers had to stand by, powerless to interfere), all available buildings in Kulangsu were filled to capacity with what seemed to be a never-ending stream of Chinese refugees. The cinema, the Chinese theatre and even the meat market were brought into service. Thousands found sanctuary on this green and peaceful island, for it was tacitly assumed—indeed believed—that Kulangsu would be regarded as inviolate.

And now! Japanese have carried out a house-to-house search on the island. (Think of that happening to any home in England! Kulangsu residents deemed it wholly unlikely—but now.) One can imagine the feelings of the British Consul's wife, for example, if the Japanese soldiery demanded admission to the consulate residence, in which she might quite easily have been alone with her two small children and their English nurse, and a staff of panicky Chinese servants.

Residents have been warned not to evacuate on to the mainland for fear of being "mistaken for subversive elements attempting to escape." All this because the pro-Japanese President of the Amoy Chamber of Commerce was shot as he was walking down Kulangsu's principal street. The Japanese have chosen to fix the blame on the Kulangsu Municipal Council for failing to control Chinese "subversive" (that word again) elements.

Actually the Kulangsu Municipal Council is powerless to do much, composed as it is of a representative body of leading foreign residents who have had every justification to be strongly sympathetic towards the Chinese. The Japanese now demand the resignation of the British president and the secretary, who is British, too, and is also chief of police—a post he has held for so many years that to visitors and fellow residents he *is* Kulangsu.

Meanwhile the 250,000 Chinese in Kulangsu are in a state of mortal fear, especially as the 180 members of their community who were arrested and taken across to Amoy are believed to have been executed. The 128 foreigners living on the island are reported to be safe, and they will certainly be reassured by the lean grey shapes of the British destroyer *Scout* and the United States destroyer *Edsall* standing by in the harbour, in sight of their homes. The British Commander-in-Chief in China, Admiral Sir Percy Noble, set out immediately from Hong Kong to Amoy in the cruiser *Birmingham* and he has since been joined by an American cruiser.

This is an indication of the serious view that is being taken on all sides by this flagrant Japanese move at Amoy. Swatow, too, is far from peaceful. This other treaty port, south of Amoy and some 80 miles nearer Hong Kong, is in the midst of Japanese bombings (not by any means for the first time), and the latest reports bring news of firing on the wharf of a British shipping firm and the narrow escape from machine-gun fire of the British escort vessel, *Folkestone*.

Perhaps the Japanese are getting their backs to the wall in a last desperate bid for supremacy over these seemingly uncrushable Chinese who, like the ants which in their patience and industry they so much resemble, appear to have an infinite capacity for carrying on in face of appalling odds. Certainly the Japanese seem to be losing their caution and relaxing the care they have hitherto claimed to have taken not in any way to offend the great western democracies. If they imagine that, by inserting the thin end of their wedge into a tiny foreign stronghold like Kulangsu, they are paving the way for other demands, they are likely to realise their mistake before long. Britain in China does not take kindly to menace, and the United States must surely be losing their patience.

Jean Gordon

On right—

THE INNER HARBOUR OF AMOY: A view showing in the foreground the international settlement of Kulangsu where British and American marines were landed last week in order to watch over British and American interests following the Japanese landing

FRENCH ART

In Paris and London

"VIVE L'ESPAGNE"

By Ferenc Gall

"VÉTERAN" *By Rose Bernard*

These two pictures are among the more outstanding exhibits in the Paris Salon of 1939 which is now in progress. On the whole, this year's pictures reveal little originality, and few of the critics have been disposed to write with any degree of praise regarding contemporary French art

"JAMES JOYCE"

By Jacques-Emile Blanche

The portrait of James Joyce, that creator of not always comprehensible word pictures, was painted by Jacques-Emile Blanche in 1934, when Blanche was seventy-three years of age, and he includes it in the retrospective exhibition of his work which he is now holding at the Leicester Galleries. Blanche has been painting for just over sixty years

GEMS OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY ART: "Vase de Fleurs," by Fantin-Latour, and (*on right*) "Mlle Malo," by Degas. Two masterpieces in the collection of Jacques-Emile Blanche, which he is now exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries together with numerous works of his own. M. Blanche is seventy-eight years old, and as painter, art critic and art historian his life has been spent in the centre of the modern artistic movement. He was a student under Manet towards the end of that great artist's life, and his friends included Degas, Renoir and Claude Monet. Blanche has spent much of his life in England, which he first visited as a small boy during the siege of Paris; but his favourite haunt is clearly Dieppe, no fewer than twenty paintings of the town and port appearing in the present display

THE WHITE MAN BUILDS THE LINE AND THE REDSKIN BREAKS IT DOWN: Driving the Golden Spike at Promontory Point, Utah, to mark the completion of the first transcontinental railroad, and an attack on the line by Indians. Two scenes from *Union Pacific*, the Cecil B. de Mille picture in which the producer once again steeps himself in the spectacular. It has its West End premiere this week. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea play the leads

THREE STRONG MEN OF THE SCREEN: Victor McLaglen, Edward Arnold, and Nelson Eddy make a brawny trio in *Let Freedom Ring*, at the Empire, Leicester Square. With them is blonde and essentially feminine Virginia Bruce

I WOULD like to take some of our young English actors and actresses by the scruff of the neck—or just take them, if they have no scruffs—to the Garrick Theatre just now. They could learn much from Mr. Maurice Schwartz and his Yiddish players even if they do not learn Yiddish.

Time after time we hear, *ad nauseam*, that this, that, or the other is wrong with our theatre. My own view is that few things are wrong with it. But one of those few things is of high importance—it is too naturalistic and too confidential. To put it bluntly, most of our actors and actresses either cannot or will not speak up. Deafness is not among my infirmities and I am usually given a stall not far from the stage. Yet there are not many English performances in the course of which I do not lose sentences or portions of sentences through the mumbling methods of the mummers.

Only a few weeks ago a young woman, semi-audible from the first, played her big scene with her back to the audience, mumbling it into her mummy's bosom. I heard none of it from a third-row stall. What can the occupants of the pit and gallery have heard?

These faithful supporters of the drama in, usually, the most unfavourable and uncomfortable circumstances have that loyalty tried pretty hard. And the cinema, where one sees huge faces on the screen and hears magnified voices mechanically blasted at one is cheaper.

Most of the British stage's inaudibility is, I think, deliberate. "Let us be quiet, easy and natural" they say. "Don't you remember Charles Hawtrey, who never seemed to be acting at all?" A good many of these youngsters do not, of course, remember Charles Hawtrey, but they are wrong if they think he was a mumbler or slipshod in his methods. Hawtrey was easy and natural and altogether charming and gave one the impression that he had never heard of the theatre or grease-paint but had just stepped on to the stage from his club—and a pretty good club at that. In actual fact he was a most painstaking actor as well as a brilliant one, with every sort of technique at his command. Hawtrey's was the outstanding case in the theatre of *Summa ars est celare artem*.

A touch of snobbery, too, seems to be among our English mumblers. They are afraid to let themselves go in case it might be considered rather bad form—"ham" acting in fact. Now a "ham" actor is not, as many people seem to think, a bad actor, though some "ham" actors can, of course, also be bad. He is an actor who is not afraid to let himself go in the good old style—barnstorming if you like—when occasion demands. That great man Edmund Kean was certainly a "ham" actor. To have it said of one that Kean in *Richard III* was "Shakespeare by flashes of lightning" means only—"ham," albeit of the very best, most carefully cured and most expensive quality.

Which leads me, after a lengthy revelling in a pet (though general and important) grievance, to these Jewish actors at the Garrick. They are "ham" actors, and I use the word in a sense of both eulogy and gratitude. *The Water Carrier*, a sort of musical farce of old Jewish customs and schemings in some town in Poland in the long ago is so intricate an affair that two closely-printed pages of the programme are necessary in order to tell us what it is all about—and even then I did not grasp the plot with very much more success than I could grasp the language, which was not at all.

It was obviously enormously funny, for all around me were Yiddish-speaking people and there was no pretence about their shouts of delighted laughter. Even allowing for loyal racial support and Oriental exuberance, there can be no question that *The Water Carrier* must be a highly entertaining play. Since so far as I was concerned the language might have been that of the aborigines of Australia I had, perforce, to concentrate on other matters, and I was well rewarded.

These Jews and Jewesses have magnificent force and energy; some of them are so overwhelming that they are almost terrifying. They hurl themselves into every scene with every ounce of their vitality. The whole atmosphere of their play is so alien that they never give the impression that they are overdoing it. And the voices of the men are superb, as are their gestures and, at times, their dignity. The crowd-work, the incidental music, the scenery, and lighting—all are good. And there is an air of enormous efficiency over the whole production. But those voices and the magnificent audibility remain my prevailing impression.

"Grouse in June."—Many far less amusing plays than this have had a long innings at the little Criterion, so the prospects of Mr. N. C. Hunter's play, which I found, on the whole, extremely amusing, should be fairly rosy.

The old-school-tie-plus-Colonel-Blimp form of humour—that is to say the humour derived from holding certain aspects of Toryism up to ridicule—is wearing somewhat thin; what the funny writers and funny cartoonists of our Pinker journals are going to do when it has worn out altogether I cannot imagine. Mr. Hunter uses the type with great skill by way of contrast with types the very reverse—slick and rather gangsterish Americans.

The Blimps and their women-folk are at a small and remote hotel in the Highlands of Scotland for the fishing, which is almost their only occupation and certainly their only topic of conversation. They are joined, boisterously, by a rather nice young American, in a yachting cap, his very pretty young wife in beach-pyjamas and a distinctly nasty American in a bowler,

On Stage and Screen

YIDDISH PLAYERS TEACH LONDON A LESSON

An Exhibition of Vital and Audible Acting at the Garrick : "Grouse in June"—The Criterion's Amusing Trifle

By PHILIP PAGE

who talks like a Damon Runyon crook and a crook he really is. Good, if conventional, fun is made out of the way these live folk get on the nerves of the Blimps, particularly by making dreadful *faux pas*, such as suggesting that worms are used for catching trout.

Then we get a bit of plot. For the Americans are also there to fish. But not for trout. Their idea is to fish up some treasure of fantastic value which they imagine has been at the bottom of the deep blue sea nearby since the days of the Spanish Armada, when a Spanish galleon was supposed to have been sunk there. The bowlered American tries to double-cross his pals and is bowled over by a prim English girl and her fiancé, an apparently timid professor of ornithology played as only Mr. Richard Goolden knows how to play such a part.

Another even more sinister American turns up and there is talk of floating a syndicate. The curtain falls on the two nasty Americans setting forth to shoot grouse in June with magazine rifles and other horrid weapons such as are used in round-ups in Chicago, if only to justify the title. Of course, there was no treasure about it all, except that the canny Scot who ran the hotel planted some gold from his false teeth on the beach in order to keep his American guests interested and to get them to stay on, for they were lavish spenders.

A nonsensical trifle, as all good farces should be, and I label this a good farce. A most refreshing piece of acting came from Miss Billie Ryan, as the young American girl. She is herself unquestionably American and equally unquestionably is she good-looking and "glamorous" (for I suppose the word is inevitable). But she is also an excellent little actress, with a style all her own. Mr. Eric Cowley as a retired General, who could talk about other things than fishing but didn't want to, was most convincingly Blimpish.

At the Opera.—Time was when British singers took foreign-sounding names when singing at Covent Garden. Now, it seems, they merely change them for something equally British. Not long since, one of the best tenors at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells was Mr. Arthur Cox. Mr. Cox then went to the Metropolitan, New York, and made a considerable success. He has now returned to England to sing Manrico in *Il Trovatore* as Mr. Arthur Carron.

Mr. Carron sings even better than Mr. Cox did and by his acting did as much as is humanly possible to reduce the absurdity of Manrico. But then, all *Il Trovatore* is absurd. It is a grand opera which exactly resembles any and every burlesque of grand opera. The most ridiculous of its never-ending chain of ridiculous incidents is when at the close of Act I the warring factions cease bashing each other's swords about in order to let the prima donna get her top note.

I will venture, at the risk of offending the perfervid Verdi-ites, to say that this nonsensical libretto is *not* redeemed by the music. The conventional comment on this opera is that it "is full of jolly good tunes." It is full of nasty, vulgar little tunes, which are not redeemed by an irritating tum-ti-tum accompaniment. It is difficult to realise that this Verdi also wrote those great works *Otello* and, above all, *Falstaff*, which is a masterpiece.

The performance was, however, a good one, and Signor Gui is a great acquisition as a conductor. It is a good many years since *Il Trovatore* had been given at Covent Garden and I hope it will be still more years before it is given again.

"Parsifal."—The last performance this season of *Parsifal* was incomparably the best, with Torsten Ralf (Scandinavian) as Parsifal, Herbert Janssen (Scandinavian) as Amfortas, Germaine Lubin (French) as Kundry, and Stella Andreva (British) as the chief flower maiden. These national labels are affixed in order to reassure anti-Nazi patrons, though Mr. Janssen, singing magnificently, did rather startlingly suggest Herr Hitler by his make-up.

Why, by the way, in the last act, when many years are supposed to have passed, Parsifal has grown from a raw boy to a man of forty or so, and Gurnemanz has progressed from vigorous middle-age to doddering senility, did Mr. Janssen look precisely the same as he did in the first act, in spite of the passing of years and an agonising and unhealable wound all the time?

That is, of course, an unimportant detail. So, too, is that dead swan which is carried on in Act I. I have known that unfortunate bird for years and it has grown dreadfully shabby. My companion, who is versed in kitchen lore, suggested that it was "obviously a boiler."

But the orchestral playing Herr Weingartner secured was truly magnificent, and I have never known that final Grail scene more impressive, its sacred character preventing, by tacit understanding, any applause as the curtain falls. That in itself is an emotional moment. But a tough old lady who preceded me in the procession cab-wards had different ideas. "I think the whole thing is far-fetched," she was heard to remark, "and, indeed, *rather uncalled for!*"

A Shaw Festival.—Two plays are announced of the six new ones which will be presented this year at the Malvern Festival, opening on August 7 for four weeks. They are Bernard Shaw's *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* and James Bridie's *What Say They?* H. K. Ayliff is again to produce at the Festival, but no artists have yet been engaged. As last year, and now for all time, the Festival will be dedicated to Mr. Shaw, who offered his latest play as a gesture of his appreciation of the fact that his 1938 Malvern play, *Geneva*, has been given a London run of over 200 performances.

Shows to Come.—*Rhondda Roundabout*, by Jack Jones, which H. M. Tennent, Limited, and John Gielgud are jointly presenting on Wednesday, May 31, is in rehearsal at the Globe. All the thirteen scenes take place in the Rhondda Valley, and the company of eighteen are, with one exception, Welsh. They include Mervyn Johns, Julian Mitchell, George Devine, and Bernard Merifield. Raymond Huntley is the one non-Welsh player, who does not appear in a Welsh character. . . . Rehearsals for *After the Dance*, by Terence Rattigan (author of *French Without Tears*), are in progress. The piece will open during the second week in June at a theatre not yet decided upon. The leading parts will be played by Robert Harris, Cathleen Lacy, Viola Lyle, and Martin Walker. "*After the Dance* is a serious play," writes a columnist in *The Stage*. It is set in Mayfair to-day, and the characters represent two conflicting elements. On one side are the "bright young things" of the post-war years, to whom maturity has brought disillusionment, and the serious-minded young people of to-day. Michael MacOwen is producing the piece and Gower Parkes (who designed the set for *French Without Tears*) is acting in this capacity again. . . . *Much Ado About Nothing* has been chosen as the first production in the Open Air Theatre season which begins in Regent's Park on Saturday, June 3. Cathleen Nesbitt will play Beatrice to the Benedick of D. A. Clarke-Smith, one of this year's newcomers to the Park. Margaret Vines is Hero, Sylvia Coleridge, Ursula, and Christopher Quest, Claudio. Cecil Ramage and Morris Harvey complete the cast. The production is in the hands of Robert Atkins, who is staging this Shakespearean comedy for the first time in the open air. The gaiety of the play will be heightened by a series of dances, to be produced by Wendy Toye, who has been engaged as choreographer for the season.

THESE PLAYS ARE BOX-OFFICE WINNERS

IRREPRESSIBLE: Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in *Under Your Hat*, at the Palace Theatre. The library deal alone has, up to now, amounted to £90,000

EVERGREEN MARIE TEMPEST, in company with John Gielgud and playwright Dodie Smith, have made a great financial triumph of *Dear Octopus* (Queen's Theatre)

WHEN CATS FALL OUT It seems that London audiences fall over themselves to watch the fur fly. At any rate they are flocking to see *The Women* at the Lyric, where takings are now averaging £2,150 a week

A VERITABLE GOLD MINE: The new Lord Hareford arrives at Hareford Hall. A bright moment in *Me and My Girl*, the show which has been packing the Victoria Palace for month after month

The West End theatre, after a sharp set-back during the September crisis, is now enjoying a comparative boom, and of the thirty-two major theatres and music halls in central London about half may be said to be playing to capacity. One London dramatic critic has recently been delving among the statistics and finds that of the West End's total money capacity of £18,000 a night the present takings amount to about £11,000. This is good going indeed. The chief money makers appear to be Under Your Hat *(Palace), which has up to now done a library deal of £90,000;* The Women, *which is being seen by about 1,000 people at every performance;* Dear Octopus, *which survived the crisis and is still drawing theatre-goers to the Queen's; and, last but not least,* Me and My Girl, *that astonishing musical show that has turned the Victoria Palace into a veritable gold mine*

A MASTER HOLDS THE STAGE: Edward Seago's picture of Massine in *Petroushka* is one of several impressions of the ballet which he has included in his one-man show at the Medici Society's Gallery at 7, Grafton Street. It will be recalled that last autumn Mr. Masefield and Mr. Seago, having both "gone ballet," published *Tribute to Ballet*, in which the artist's pictures accompanied the poet's verse

ACADEMY IN LITTLE: *Above*—Muriel Constance Smith's portrait of Lady May Abel Smith, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Athlone, and (*right*) Nellie M. Hepburn Edmunds' picture of Patricia Erskine Young are two very pleasing works in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers which has just opened its doors at the Arlington Gallery, 22, Old Bond Street

ROUND THE ART GALLERIES

AN OLD WILTSHIRE HOME: An Impression by Hugh Verrall of Fitz House, Teffont Magna, "a residence," writes the artist, "upon which the centuries have produced that charming weathered quality that inevitably melts the heart of the beauty lover." Mr. Verrall will show the picture at the exhibition of his works to be opened next week at Lewes. The house belongs to Lord Bledisloe, who has spent a large sum in restoring it. The main portion of the building dates from 1500

BEAUTIFUL women with faultless complexions and gleaming hair, lovely children and brilliant minute flower studies in their dozens appear on the walls of the Arlington Gallery where an "Academy in Little" is being held by the Royal Miniature Society. But amongst so much delicate charm it is the character studies that are so immediately striking.

There is a smiling Egyptian—No. 226—by Mrs. Winifred Brunten. His black shining face is cleverly framed against a brilliant mosaic background in blues and greens.

"The Labourer"—No. 64—by Miss Muriel Gosheron, is treated with a fine quality devoid of the hardness that so often appears in the paintings of miniaturists. The faded old green hat and the crumpled leather apron are in excellent contrast to the fine line work in the face.

One of the most interesting miniatures is of "Miss Walker," former friend of Liszt, by Mrs. Finch. Here is an intelligent and vigorous portrait of an old lady with shoulder-length white hair and an intensity and forcefulness of expression that appear almost masculine.

An unusual exhibit is a set of pottery chessmen by Miss Janet Haughton, R.M.S. Every piece has an individual expression, the haughty black queen and the bishops being particularly interesting. The knights are dressed in full armour, and the pawns sit like jesters on their ebony pedestals. All the black pieces are in shades of brown and red, whilst the white are in pale tints of greens and yellows.

Miss Amy Bond's fine little works in needlework are at first glance hardly distinguishable from the ivory-painted miniatures; not only is she exhibiting at the R.M.S., but also at the Walker Galleries.

An extremely interesting exhibition of both the art and the collection of Jacques Emile Blanche was opened at the Leicester Galleries on May 18. Blanche was a student of Manet's, and surrounded as he was by Renoir, Degas and Claude Monet he certainly made the most of these inspiring friendships.

At quite an early age he started his famous collection of paintings of which, unfortunately, only a few remain; thirty-six of these are to be seen in the Galleries, the rooms on either side being filled by the paintings of Blanche himself.

Iris Brooke

On left—"EVENING ON THE HIGHWAY": This is one of the six pictures contributed to the 1939 Royal Academy by Stanhope Forbes, R.A. Mr. Forbes has been a Royal Academician for nineteen years and now at eighty-two is still painting with his old-time vigour

On right—"THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW PATTERN": A striking Royal Academy picture by Esther Borough Johnson

TOP TO TOE

EVERYBODY WEARS SLACKS.—And why not, when they look as good as these, and are the most comfortable things for holidays. They are made in crease-resisting artificial linen, in exciting colours like petunia or lime, or conservative ones like navy blue or white, and they come from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

HOLIDAY CAP.—It might be a porter's or a winter sports enthusiast's, but it is grand for windy days and for shading the eyes from the sun. Debenham and Freebody have it in mercerised cotton, which means that it is as light as a feather

FISHNET TURBAN.—The real thing at that, made by fishermen in Cornwall. It is just a cunningly shaped two-ended scarf which you can twist round your head in a dozen ways, and it is made in one or in two brilliantly contrasting colours. Harrods have it

BEACH SANDALS.—These are the things that make or mar your holidays. This year's sandals nearly all have platform soles, which is to the good, for they are admirable on shingly beaches. The first one is of white or rust linen with a cork and rubber sole and a wide-based heel. It costs 17s. 9d. The second shoe has a platform sole of cork and rubber with a wide heel and a brilliantly-coloured corded top woven with Lastex. The price of these is 21s. The third platform shoe, which has a crepe rubber sole, is of navy and white poplin, and it costs 35s. 6d. Alternatively, you can get it in lido and navy or lido and wine. The bag is of off-white Luxan, from which you can completely wipe off even such stains as lipstick or ink. It costs 1 guinea, and, with the shoes, comes from Harrods

THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: This old "Gild House" with its fine pargeted front, is in the picturesque Hertfordshire village of Ashwell. It is feared that it may have to be demolished on account of the large amount of reconditioning it requires to make it habitable. It dates from 1681

GOODBYE TO THE BULL: Many will regret the demolition of this famous old coaching inn at Birchwood on the Maidstone road between Sidcup and Swanley. It was there that the Dover mail coach regularly changed horses and that noted pugilists often went to train for their big fights

THE HOUSE-BUILDERS WILL ARRIVE LATER: The Southern Railway is erecting this station, to be known as Eynsford North, in order to serve a new building estate, but strangely enough the estate itself has not yet materialised. Near this point a branch line will run to Lullingstone Aerodrome

From the
HOME COUNTIES

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LIFE IN THE THEATRE AND THE SERVANTS' HALL

John Gielgud Looks Back and Monica Dickens Tells of Her Varied Experiences as a Domestic

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

TO be told that one walked like a cat with rickets hardly sounds a promising start to a brilliant theatrical career, yet that was the verdict, or one of the verdicts, on Mr. John Gielgud's neophyte performance at Lady Benson's school of dramatic training. It might have been a severe setback to any young actor, but, says Mr. Gielgud philosophically, "It dealt a severe blow to my conceit, which was a good thing."

In his autobiography, EARLY STAGES (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.), Mr. Gielgud has not scrupled to show the unspectacular and even the comic side of a career that has seemed to most of us theatregoers so far to be made up of triumphs, both of finance and prestige. His method seems to be simple. He is an actor first, last and all the time, liking all the etceteras of his calling, from dressing-room friendships to theatrical newspapers. His object, therefore, is to act, and this almost continuously and without too much reference to obvious box-office appeal.

In the ten or fifteen years of his career up to date he has moved blithely back and forth between New York and the Old Vic, the West End and Sadler's Wells, Barnes and Shaftesbury Avenue, actuated by a genuine desire to learn more and more about his craft.

Mr. Gielgud tells us that his friends accuse him of thinking of nobody but himself, and for this reason failing in his contacts with new acquaintances. It is impossible for a reader to judge of the truth of this, since if an autobiography is not egotistical it has no value at all. That he is disarmingly honest we can tell, for whether he is writing of himself as Romeo "in an orange make-up and a very low-necked doublet, I look . . . a mixture of Rameses of Egypt and a Victorian matron," or offering to go back to the Old Vic for a week or two to act and produce, he writes the truth as he found it, however little it coincides with the "star" convention.

In the case of the Old Vic, by the way, Miss Baylis, as always, had her answer ready. "Looking steadily at my rapidly thinning hair, she said briskly, 'Oh no, dear, you play all the young parts you can while you're still able to'!"

I was reminded while reading this book of another actor's story and found myself comparing Noel Coward's with this, not in subject matter, for their two lives have hardly any points of resemblance, but in manner. The great difference, I decided, was not in candour, since in this modern requisite of biography they tie fairly exactly, but in the humorous approach which is, as yet, a method foreign to Mr. Gielgud. He "tells all," and it is a very likeable and unsophisticated all, but his loyally ravenous public may want more than that, may want perhaps that valuable spice of humour and malice.

When the ladies retire after dinner into the withdrawing room in deference to an eighteenth-century convention that the men are going to drink themselves into a state of stupor and had better be left alone to get on with it, the theory is that those women discuss the servant problem. Whether that is an eighteenth-century convention, too, I do not know.

In any case, if servants are such a constant problem and discussing them such an infallible entertainment, Miss Monica Dickens' chapter of autobiography ought to have an instant success, since it is an account of the months she spent as a cook-general in a number of temporary jobs.

Miss Dickens was a remarkable cook-general in many respects. She is twenty-three, extremely pretty, and a great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens. She is also, in spite of her disclaimers, a good cook (to me, any cook who can master a *zabaglione* is a good cook). After a few seasons as a sub-deb., deb., and ex-deb., Miss Dickens, rather naturally, for she is an intelligent girl, got bored and decided to look for work. Cooking was her one qualification, so as a cook-general, "30s. a week and sleep out," she offered her services at the employment agencies.

Sometimes she would visit a house simply to cook a gala dinner—once she appeared as scullery maid and was given some excellent champagne for her trouble, but no pay. Once she was engaged to do washing at 1s. an hour, but had trouble with her employer over not hanging stockings up by the heels. For some time she worked in a big country house where a blackmailing butler and the arrival of an old beau of hers made things fairly interesting.

ONE PAIR OF HANDS (Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is great fun to read, but it is more than that. It is a very acute and humorous indictment of a certain type of employer and a certain type of servant from one of the few young people qualified to speak on both counts. And she can write. In his foreword Mr. Compton Mackenzie says: "For years I have wondered why any domestic servants are left in this country, so incapable are the majority of English people of knowing how to treat their servants. This was not so once upon a time.

"It was a product of the get-rich-quick nineteenth century, that century whose faults Charles Dickens himself perceived so clearly. How deeply he would have delighted in the warm humanity of his great-granddaughter! How keenly he would have enjoyed her ability never to lose sight of the comic side of her employers, of her fellow-sufferers, and most of all of herself!"

Servant problem or no servant problem, this is a book to notice.

I am tempted to quote endlessly from Miss Phœbe Fenwick Gaye's WEEK-END GARDEN (Collins. 8s. 6d.), a record of her own efforts, triumphs, disappointments, and, most important, observations in this direction.

For seven years Miss Gaye had a cottage in Suffolk and in that cottage garden she gathered the material for a book that should, by right of pure merit, become a treasured handbook for all those who do not think of gardens in terms of four under-gardeners.

With a maximum of two days a week in which to attend to one's garden, it is obviously important to plant things that will put up with a little neglect. Miss Gaye is emphatic on this point, dismisses roses, except for a few climbing varieties, has some extremely savage things to say about the American Pillar and plumps for flowering bushes and perennials. She also recommends such varied activities as bee-keeping and prairie fire making.

I was delighted to find this last appealed to her since it has for years been one of my greatest gardening pleasures and is the most satisfactory way of getting rid of old hay and dead grass in fields and orchards that has ever been devised, also, as Miss Gaye adds, "it is one of the nicest ways of playing with matches that has ever been discovered!"

Miss Gaye's book ends with an alphabet of plants for the week-end gardener with, as examiners are apt to say, reasons. Thus, Michaelmas daisies are advised because, though they have no scent, "they have every other virtue," flowering cherries are preferred to almond which, however lovely, "must always look exotic as a woman in a *sari* at a garden party," and the beauty of yew hedges is reserved for big gardens, since "it would have been as out of place round our three-quarters of an acre as one of those large hats painted by Romney would be on Shirley Temple."

I find that, after all, I have quoted a little, but not, I am afraid, enough to give a very real idea of the quality or the wit or the sheer sound sense of this treasure of a book.

THE DEVIL IN GREENLANDS (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is the first murder-mystery story of Mr. John Newton Chance's that I have read. Honesty, as well as a regrettable inclination to platitudes, compels me to add that it will not be the last unless, of course, Mr. Chance is so ill-advised as to drop this *genre* and turn to another form.

In any case the book under review is to be recommended on three counts: It is more than ordinarily amusing; it produces the expected cold shiver, and two more for good measure; its characters include as crafty and un-petlike a dog as it has ever been my joy to meet in fiction.

The scene of Mr. Chance's story is classic—a peaceful village in which murder seems as incongruous as it is horrible, but with this author the conventional scene is only an excuse for unconventional surprises. Certainly there is a murder, or two as it seems to some of the investigators, but far more important, there is a series of births, for in the same week the daughter of the local publican gives birth to sextuplets and unwittingly starts a country-wide press campaign for and against wedlock.

Also, and not at all incidentally, the mystery by which the murderer at first escapes detection is extremely ingenious, even if it does demand such improbable properties as ice-cream vans and bottomless pools. This book puts Mr. Chance in, and at the top of, the Dorothy Sayers class. And, unless the spirited letter quoted on the wrapper is misleading, Mr. Chance might even admit this himself.

(*Continued on page* 370)

This England . . .

From Langdale Pikes

THAT nought is made in haste save mistakes might be an axiom born in the fells, for indeed, their very nature prohibits haste. It was twenty six years before Westmorland was annexed to William after the Conquest. Cromwell made no impression—his Protectorate was too short-lived ! To this day you may move from one district to the next and be an "outener" to your new neighbours for a term of years. Yet if life is difficult for the fell farmer, rare is he that fears to meet the manager of his bank. For here is the notable English quality of slow care and mindful storing of experience, that brings the truest measure of success. How else indeed would your so English Worthington have earned and kept its centuries of fame but by the unhurried thoroughness of every golden brew.

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THE BABY CAR ALWAYS GROWS UP:

Additions, Improvements and Alterations Always Tend to Enlarge the Small Car Until its Original Form Completely Disappears

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

FOR years I have written in the columns of THE SPHERE suggesting that British manufacturers should get busy and introduce a 5-h.p. car, and now I am glad to say that some of the technical journals dealing with motoring are putting forward the same idea. Seeing that the budget proposals to increase the horse-power tax are likely to mature, there is a distinct incentive to the British motor-car maker to re-introduce a real baby car.

Ever since I have been connected with motoring, development has followed almost the same lines in the case of every successful model. Let me take an example. The original Austin Seven was introduced some fifteen years ago, and it then was what its nickname suggested, a real baby car. People bought it in thousands, and before long we saw these interesting little vehicles plodding their way along the roads overburdened with a load of one driver and probably three or four passengers.

People who buy cheap motor vehicles in the neighbourhood of a hundred pounds or less always appear to overcrowd their proud possessions with too many passengers. You can see it to-day, particularly at week-ends, and a motor-cycle and sidecar with father, mother and three or four children festooned around the structure is also a familiar sight. The obvious then happened. I expect failures occurred, for springs built to stand a certain load do not like having to support twice their allotted weight.

The manufacturers, seeing that their cars were overcrowded with occupants, then proceeded to enlarge the body. The process of development then reached the stage where the weight carried was too much for the engine to allow it to give its original performance. A larger engine or a more efficient engine was called for and produced, but in order to cope with the increased power the clutch, gear-box, propeller shaft, and other parts of the transmission system have in all probability to be made heavier than before. In due course the public still clamour for more room, and when they are given seats for four probably carry six, and once again the vicious circle commences. To-day we have a very fine Austin Eight which already has achieved phenomenal success, but the baby Austin Seven has disappeared.

Almost exactly the same stages of development have been witnessed in the case of the original Morris Eight. In the days when I drove belt-driven cycle-cars it was just the same, and after a few years the original small light vehicle had been so developed that all traces of the original had been lost.

I am afraid that it will be impossible to prevent development running along these lines and I am not certain that it is even desirable to try to stop it. At the same time there is nothing to prevent the manufacturers starting afresh at the bottom rung of the ladder and now I suggest is the time to do it. I feel quite convinced that an engine of ½ litre in capacity could be built to-day to develop even more horse power than the original Morris Eight or Austin Seven engine did when these power units were first introduced. The Italians have shown us what a vehicle can do with a really small engine and I am perfectly certain that British engineers and designers can do even better. If some enterprising British manufacturer can produce a 5-h.p. car and show it at the Motor Exhibition in October this year I feel certain that he will be flooded out with orders.

THE NEW AUSTIN TEN: A view of the latest newcomer to the most popular class of motor vehicle. Attractive lines, roominess and a sparkling performance are the outstanding features of this new Austin

Not so long ago the German Government decided that their motor manufacturers were producing far too many models and in their usual decisive way ordered the industry to cut out a large percentage of their models. In this country we have manufacturers producing 8-h.p., 9-h.p., 10-h.p., 12-h.p., and 14-h.p. cars and at first sight it does appear ridiculous to offer so many different models having engines almost identical in size. I have no personal experience of costs of production in modern factories, but I feel certain that a multiplicity of models such as I have mentioned does not assist in keeping production costs down. At the same time I have to confess that the driver finds an appreciable difference, say, between an 8-h.p. and a 9-h.p. car of the same make or between a 9-h.p. and a 10-h.p. car.

On paper it looks as if it would be extremely difficult to detect any variations in performance in cars fitted with engines that have only 1 h.p. separating them. The answer, of course, is that modern small engines develop three or four times the brake horse-power that is indicated by their R.A.C. rating, and so the difference in power in actual fact is much more than is given by their rating figures. Be that as it may, I still think that manufacturers would be even more prosperous and the public would be able to buy their cars for a reduced outlay if some curtailment of models took place. The trade have their own society, a very active and sagacious body, so that the machinery is at hand to reach agreement in such a matter.

I do not suppose there is a more conservative body of men in this country than is to be found in the coachwork section of the British motor trade. When chassis makers started to build their own bodies coachbuilding firms were roused from their slumbers, with the result that we saw more modern designs and new ideas incorporated in the products coming from the coachwork factories, but it seems to me that they have settled down again and carry on in the same old way although I notice there are one or two exceptions.

To my mind, the great fault with British-built coachwork is its weight. I realise that there is no other country in the world that produces better bodies for a good chassis than Britain. At the same time it would probably be true to say that the better British body would also be the heavier. In the old days strength meant weight, but in these modern times with the introduction of special metals, strength ought to be obtained without burdening the chassis with useless avoirdupois. Weight perhaps does not affect to any great extent all-out speed, but it does have a tremendous effect on acceleration. To-day, in my humble opinion

(Continued on page 370)

10/30 m.p.h. in 6¼ seconds — *Humber Super Snipe Saloon £385*

" . . . at last a British manufacturer is producing a car which satisfies our peculiar tastes and requirements, and, at the same time, possesses a top-gear performance which, in all its aspects, is, in my opinion, superior to that of any foreign product."

Mr. Sidney Henschel, Financial News, 23rd February, 1939.

HUMBER

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THE LEAGUE TO LEAVE SWITZERLAND?

(Continued from page 344)

likely to lead to a general European war, the League and the I.L.O. will be expected to evacuate Swiss territory upon twenty-four hours notice; nor will it make any difference should Switzerland look like being able to remain neutral. In fact, the above is a minimum expectation and an influential opinion is forming that would get the League out anyway on the strength of continued brink of the precipice crisis. More and more Swiss reckon that the Genevan institution is endangering their country. The League was all right when it was safe to have it on Swiss soil. But what does it bring now? Some commercial gain, but chiefly *danger*.

If the present war of nerves goes on much longer, and if decisions are meantime taken at Geneva that pan out inimical to Axis policy—such as the suggested Anglo-Russian settlement this very week—do not be surprised if the League is asked to pack up *before* a war breaks out. In which event (or if it goes with a war) would it ever be allowed back to Switzerland? Citizens there have pointed out one decree: "The Federal Council may dissolve any group or undertaking which threatens the country internally or externally, may limit or stop their activity, and confiscate their property." That could be made to cover the League, say these citizens, with the provision that its buildings would be taken over at a figure fixed by arbitration.

Where would the League move to then? Another continent? An island? How hard it would be to find a new home for it, unless the world changed, or the League. A new League minus the heavily accented political side, minus the sitting in judgment, minus the punishing, a new League of Practical Affairs hinging sharply on the social and technical, and borrowing notably from the successful and non-controversial I.L.O., such an institution might find many doors thrown open to it. But perhaps it is more profitable to contemplate happenings in the less remote future.

M. Avenol has been offered asylum in the centre of France, should the Swiss "expect" him to leave, either before war or at its outbreak; and Mr. John G. Winant, keen American head of the I.L.O., is trying to arrange for that organisation to perch in Washington, D.C. The United States is a member of the I.L.O. Mr. Winant has a staff of about two hundred who could do their work adequately for a time in the New World. In fact, it might be a good thing. M. Avenol, on the other hand, must locate himself within the borders of a European member-state democracy, and precious few there are who would offer him refuge.

But France did, backed by Britain; and so it was that one heard of scouts looking over such places as Montluçon, Vichy, Bourges, Chateauroux.

I was at Vichy when the scouts came there, and this delectable if livery spa, it may probably turn out to be. Most towns would object, and probably Vichy will object too, but that will not cut the same ice because Vichy is cast for an important role, anyway, if we pass to showdown times. Geographically ideal for running civil and maybe also military events, Vichy would possess a quite small population in the absence of the tens of thousands who take the cure, it can be beautifully blacked out, and it boasts nearly 150 hotels, one or two among the biggest in France. And a strangely vast new post office with umpteen lines to Paris.

In the Middle Ages monks and scholars sought refuge in the neighbouring department of the Nièvre (Cluny, Vezelay). History would be repeating itself if the League's records came to be preserved, locally, through a much darker age. Obviously, however, if M. Avenol has to seek temporary quarters in central France, he will not bring much along with him, either in the way of personnel or of files and records.

The cutting down of the Secretariat, which has been in progress for nearly two years and would assume vertical proportions in the event of Genevan evacuation, is a matter to be regretted by those who appreciate what value this highly-trained, first and only international civil service had come to be. It will be a long day before it can be replaced, these men and women who had piled up unique universalising knowledge. Already many are finding new jobs as dispersal broadens.

What could the League do in exile (a) prior to a war breaking out, (b) during a war? For answer to the first, I refer back to the *mot d'ordre* one found governing things last December: "The engine should be kept just ticking over. Members are not to be bothered. Send out a minimum of stuff. Don't draw unnecessary attention to ourselves. Keep very quiet. Lie doggo." That could be done just as well in exile, plus the satisfaction of knowing one was safeguarding historic records for posterity.

With reference to (b), the chances are that the League's active role would be cast in the humanitarian field. Prisoners of war, refugees, the stricken and the starving and homeless, victims of the bomber, of epidemics, of brutality and injustice . . . yes, there would be enough for an exiled League to do, in an interim role, should war come.

IS THIS THE WORLD'S LARGEST SWIMMING POOL? asks Ferdinand Tuohy, who sends us this picture from Casablanca. The pool directly borders the Atlantic and is filled and buffeted by the daily tides. The sea wall of the bath, seen in the middle distance, is nearly a quarter of a mile long

THE BAT CAVES OF NEW MEXICO

(Continued from page 350)

which casts fantastic shadows on the walls. At no point have the works of nature been marred by the works of man, but only by them do they stand revealed. Every now and then the tunnel opens out into vast chambers. The largest room I saw, called the Grand Hall, was nearly 2 miles long.

The temperature always remains the same, summer and winter alike; the day I was there it was 96 deg. on the surface, but down below a steady 54 deg. Although the scenic portion of the caves was entirely unexplored for twenty years the tunnel in which the bats live has been worked for some time. It seems that bat manure is one of the most valuable fertilisers known, so a company was formed to excavate this guano and they have removed thousands of tons, winding it to the surface in a bucket. No one knows the full depth of this manure, but it takes 100 years to build a deposit 1 ft. deep—actually the company found the skeleton of a man 50 ft. beneath the surface of the manure, so he must have entered the caves not less than 5,000 years ago.

The evening I was there, the nightly flight of bats took an hour and ten minutes to get clear of the caves. They came up in one continuous cloud and finally disappeared into the valley where they feed. I understand they return in the early hours of the morning.

Carlsbad Caverns are to-day one of the most impressive natural wonders of the earth that nature can show you anywhere. In the United States they rank with Niagara and the Grand Canyon, and no doubt before very long they will receive a like number of visitors. When you remember that until 1922 their very existence was practically unknown it makes you wonder what other surprises lie awaiting the accident of their discovery.

Oliver K. Whiting

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THE PETROL WORLD (Continued from page 366)

the latter is all important, for there are few occasions when driving on our hopelessly overcrowded thoroughfares to indulge in real speed with safety.

I was told the other day by the importer of a very successful foreign car that the latter's wonderful performance was principally due to the saving in weight in the body and chassis. Recently, we have all heard of the amazing figures for acceleration and all-out speed of a 4¼-litre Bentley. This car was fitted with a foreign-built saloon body and I am perfectly certain that its outstanding performance was made possible chiefly because the coachwork was far lighter than that which is usually fitted by British body builders to this well-known chassis.

We may obtain better and better performance from our cars by engine designers giving us even more powerful engines, but they have been helping us in this direction for years and so I think it is the turn of the coachbuilders in this country to tackle their job and reduce the weight of the structures which they build.

Writing of coachwork reminds me that quite recently Morris Motors Limited carried out an extremely interesting and unusual experiment to demonstrate that their recently introduced method of mono-construction design, i.e., that is chassis and body welded together, was much stronger than the more conventional type of bolted chassis and body. A 10-h.p. Morris car of each type, electrically controlled, was started off so that they would strike each other in a head-on collision at a combined speed of 60 m.p.h. As the two cars met there was a terrific impact and the sound of rending metal and torn wood. One car was flung yards out of its course whilst the other with a sickening lurch turned over on its side.

Despite the fact that the series II Ten which is built on the conventional lines was 2½ cwt. heavier than the latest series M car it suffered much greater damage and was the one which was overturned as a result of the impact. Its entire frame was distorted, the front axle badly bent and the damage generally extended as far as the back springs. The series M Ten was only damaged in a small area round the front axle and the side of the bonnet, which the Morris engineers stated could be quickly repaired by welding in the necessary new sections. The older-type car, however, had to be entirely stripped and rebuilt.

This experiment definitely confirms the opinion of the Morris Company that this type of mono-construction results in a much stronger structure and, incidentally, confirms my view that new methods should be adopted by body builders in order to give us better, safer and speedier cars.

THE OLD ROMAN WALL AT SILCHESTER, the ancient village near Reading, is being restored by the Office of Works which has been engaged on the task for the past three years. The masonry was completely overgrown and the whole structure was fast crumbling before the work was taken in hand. Since 1890 Silchester has been systematically excavated, house foundations and an invaluable number of objects having been brought to light

Wolseley Motors Limited have issued a very interesting souvenir booklet written by Mr. H. E. Symons to commemorate the journey of the 18–85-h.p. Wolseley Saloon from England to the Cape. Free copies can be obtained upon request from local Wolseley dealers or from Wolseley Motors Limited, Ward End, Birmingham, and requests will be met so long as supplies are available.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Cont. from p. 364)

There are eight stories in SIX BULLS ON A SUNDAY by Joseph Peyré (Bles. 7s. 6d.) written, as the publisher puts it, "when bull-fighting was the dominant interest in Spanish life." Those were the days, too, when the sport became fashionable among the intelligentsia, when talk of veronicas buzzed about the pubs. of Bloomsbury, and they were not discussing evergreen shrubs, and Hemingway was their prophet.

Never having seen a bull-fight and never, after reading M. Peyré, wishing to repair that omission, it must be a compliment to the author that I read every one of these tales. In every aspect I find the sport utterly repellent. "The inner circle of the drama, the circle from which you are separated only by the thickness of a plank—so small a thing, but it may mean a man's salvation—is the round of sand. It is dominated by the presence of death. . . . The year 1934 saw twelve bull-fighters killed, and forty badly wounded."

M. Peyré convinces me that *every torero*, and every member of his gang of assistants, enters the ring sick with fear. In a very short time so is the bull. So are the horses. Blood, blood-lust, and fear: certain death for man or beast. M. Peyré's literary gifts are well suited to this sadistic orgy. He knows all about it; he can even find comedy in it, as in the story of Soapy, a bull who sat down (first cousin to Ferdinand) and refused to fight. The crowd was furious. "The President was so bored that he forgot to give the necessary directions. There was a fine rumpus in the arena."

It left me with a strong desire never to want to see that or any other kind of rumpus in a bull-ring.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HEINEMANN.—OLD HAVEN. By David Cornel Dejong. 10s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT. — MEIN KAMPF. By Adolf Hitler. (Unexpurgated Ed.) 8s. 6d. HERBERT JOSEPH.—BABE IN BABYLON. By Bonnington Briggs. 7s. 6d. HELL! I'M BRITISH. By Andres G. Elliot. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE THIBAULTS. By Roger Martin du Gard. 15s. JOHN LONG.—MISS BARELEGS. By Noel Godber. 7s. 6d. LONGMANS.—FRAY MARIO. By Helen Douglas Irvine. 6s. MACMILLAN. —HISTORY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, 1889–1939. By Sir Gwilym Gibbon and Reginald W. Bell. 21s. THE SPANISH PISTOL AND OTHER STORIES. By A. G. Macdonell. 7s. 6d. MERLIN BAY. By Richmal Crompton. 7s. 6d. MIDDLESEX GUILDHALL.—MIDDLESEX: The Jubilee of the County Council, 1889–1939. 2s. 6d. NATIONAL REVIEW, LTD. — ENGLAND — MIGHTIER YET. By Dorothy Crisp. 5s. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—FUTURE FOR DEMOCRACY. By Ramsay Muir. 2s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL. —THE TREASURE OF THE TUAMOTUS. By George Hamilton. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SECRET ASIA. By Charles Low. Illustrated. 15s. THE CROWN OF ASIA. By Vernon George. 7s. 6d.

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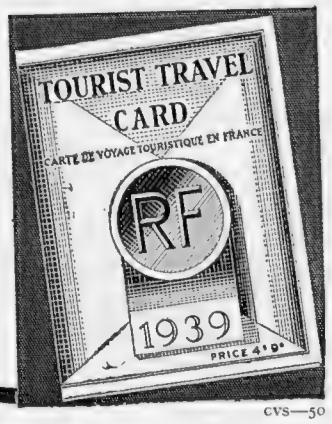

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The season is packed with interesting events, including the International Water Exhibition at Liége (May-November), the Memlinc Exhibition of Paintings at Bruges and the picturesque Play of the Holy Blood, also at Bruges (August 5th-13th).

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU: Summer Touring Section

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THERE will be plenty of holiday travel in Europe this summer, particularly in the countries with a western seaboard. Our close friendship with France brings that part to mind at once, and last week I dealt with some of the charming places where the waters are taken. Nevertheless, I suppose the bulk of the tourist traffic will take possession of the coast resorts from the Belgian frontier to Brittany, but it will also reach considerable dimensions on the Riviera.

The tempering effect of the sea on the climate has resulted in luxuriant vegetation along the Channel and Atlantic coasts, where camellias and pink laurels grow down to the water's edge. Evergreen oaks grow abundantly in lower Brittany, and pines are found in profusion along the sea-shore below Bordeaux. The pines, olive trees, tamarisk, mimosa, palms, and flowers are one of the charms of the Riviera and Corsica.

There are little plages for those who want to be quiet, but if gaiety is essential to a good holiday you can certainly get that. The latter thought immediately suggests Deauville, the most distinguished resort on the northern coast—some may say in all France—and those who have memories of the old paddle steamers splashing their way across the Channel will never cease to marvel at the 55 mins. flight from Croydon which lands us on the high ground behind Deauville, a quarter of an hour's journey from the Casino. You see the best of everything at Deauville—fashion, sport, entertainment, and in charming settings. It has two fine golf courses, and in July, August and September there are 35 days of racing on two beautiful courses.

Drawn by Percy Home

AN OLD WATERGATE AT BRUGES, the Belgian city that still retains its sixteenth-century aspect and provides such a remarkable study in domestic Gothic architecture

If you want to get a general impression of France one of the best ways of seeing the country is on the "grand tour" which Cooks run by motor coach. This includes the grand chateaux country of the Loire, the Central Plateau, Provence, the Riviera, and the Route des Alpes, and it is not nearly as strenuous as you might think. There are now departures every week.

The Channel playground extends right along the Belgian coast, a yellow ribbon of gleaming sand linking France and Holland. Ostend, with its royal associations and famous Kursaal, is pre-eminent among the chain of resorts which flank the sand. That is the playground but there are many incentives to serious travel in this historic land—Antwerp, home of Rubens and Van Dyck; Bruges, with its old gabled houses and inevitable belfry; Ghent, with a wealth of historical monuments; Liége, now combining the engineering wonder of the new Albert Canal with a water exhibition; Mons, of sacred memory; steepled Tournai, and of course beautiful old Brussels. If you would be away from the towns try the Ardennes, almost a country of their own, where life is simple and homely. In this part there is a remarkable variety of scenery, and the grottoes of Han and Rochefort have world-wide fame.

Penetrating deeper into Europe we come to the everlasting delight of the tourist, Switzerland. I recently dealt with it in some detail, particularly in its southern areas. Lake Constance and the valley of the Rhine is another suggestion; perhaps a tour on foot, which has a lot to commend it; and there is Zurich, which commands long vistas of lake scenery. The Swiss National Exhibition is now in full swing there.

You may remember I commended those beautiful lake resorts, Lugano and Locarno, which leave you wondering whether you are in Switzerland or Italy. They are in Switzerland but they serve as a useful introduction to Italy.

I have met a lot of people who have been to Italy this year and they all came back delighted with the cordial reception they had there. I saw one party of not far short of 100 leaving London a week or so ago and considerably more than half of them were women. The Axis did not seem to be worrying them. They were setting out on a tour which would give them memories of Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan, and a few other places—the cream, perhaps, but only part of it. In a couple of weeks it is possible to get a fair impression of Italy, but my advice is to make your visit as long as possible. There are some very good tours of three weeks available.

Como, for instance, is a part which might hold you for a long time. As in many other parts of Italy the list of sporting and social events at the resorts on the lake is a heavy one, something like eighty during the season, ranging from a fashion parade at the sixteenth-century Villa d'Este, built for Cardinal Gallio, to golf and other international competitions.

In making your plans do not overlook the possibilities of Hungary. It is claimed, and justly, I think, that the past lives unchanged in Hungary and is not preserved as mere eye-wash for the foreign visitor. Ancient customs, ceremonies, picturesque costumes, national art are all there, and everywhere is the old-time spirit of hospitality.

The ancient and picturesque town of Buda on its chain of hills is separated by the Danube from the modern town of Pest with its great boulevards, palaces and fine hotels. From June to September the strand-baths, as they are known, with large sandy beaches are as animated as any seaside resort. Budapest is jealous of its pre-eminent position as a spa with eighty thermal springs and likes to be spoken of as Budapest Spa. The great national festival of the year is St. Stephen's Day, August 20, and it is worth bearing in mind when planning your travels.

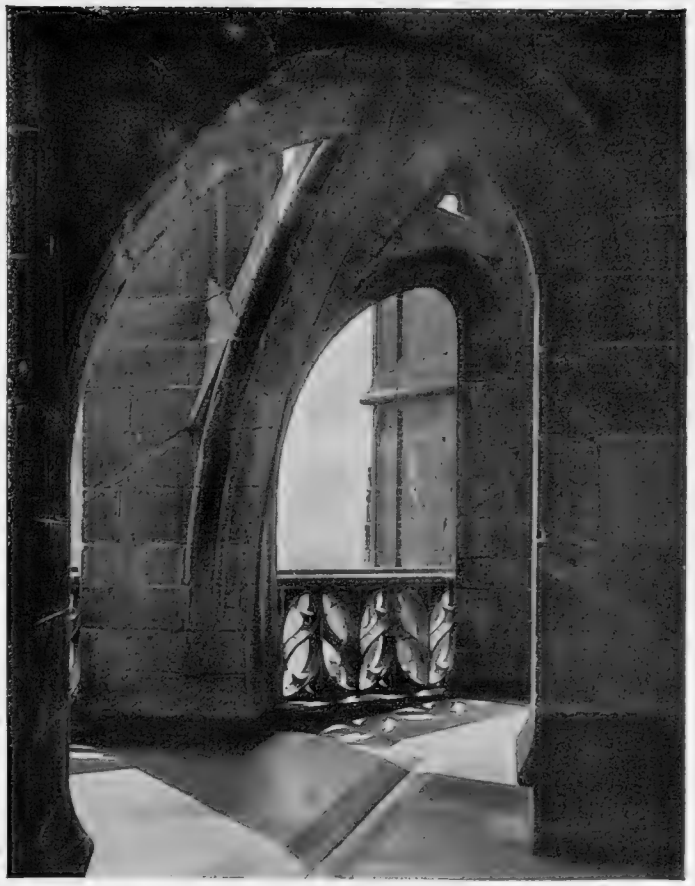
Scandinavia is always in favour with our travellers and Holland has a distinctive charm. It is too early yet to expect much of Spain, perhaps, but some touring is available.

In any general survey of the holiday travel prospects this summer the new world must take an outstanding position. The Royal visit to Canada and the United States has directed attention across the Atlantic, but there are other factors—the two great exhibitions at New York and San Francisco and the advent of the new Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania* which leaves Liverpool on her maiden voyage on June 17.

The Atlantic voyage is a great attraction, but I cannot see many travellers being content with a visit to the Fair, a quick look round New York, and then home again. With the unbounded travel interest in the Dominion and the States every day ashore can be crowded and no holiday long enough to satisfy all desires. Who would not like to follow the Royal course up the St. Lawrence and right across to the Pacific with a diversion to visit the Fair?

If you can give a little more than three weeks to the States I would suggest the following—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Francisco, and Niagara Falls. Using the best hotels, that round would cost less than £80 for travel and accommodation. The route taken by the C.P.R. liners across the Atlantic will appeal to those not so fond of the sea because there is a substantial reduction in the ocean passage.

Beverley Brooke



TOWERING ABOVE THE NORMAN SHORE: A study in sunlight and shadow on the ramparts of ancient Mont St. Michel

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

On right—

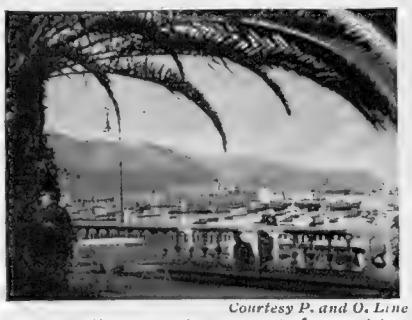
THE DISTAFF SIDE IN HUNGARY: Peasant-clad folk in their national costumes

CRUISING ON SUMMER SEAS

A Selection from the Itineraries of the Shipping Companies for June, July, and August

JUNE is one of the three high season months for cruising, and within its span just on a score of steamers will be leaving our ports on missions of "fresh air and fun" with sightseeing according to the individual inclinations of the passengers. The number is nearly doubled if we include the short runs to near Continental ports which are made by vessels really as part of much longer voyages.

I am frequently asked whether cruising is as popular as it was. There is not much doubt about it, but during the weeks of tension intending travellers were quite naturally inclined to hold up their bookings to see what was going to happen. With the growing sense of security there has been more activity in the booking-offices, and signs are not wanting that the next few months will see many people seeking that rest and mental restoration which the sea alone can give. They will not necessarily select a cruise in the strictest sense, but it is that aspect of sea travel I want to deal with first.



Courtesy P. and O. Line

A POPULAR PORT OF CALL for cruising liners is Santa Cruz de Teneriffe. The island has a delightful climate

Courtesy Orient Line

STOCKHOLM IN SUMMER: Another port that appears in many of the cruising itineraries during the warmer months

Cruising has been an institution for so long that the organisers know the most successful itineraries, and except for an unusual call here and there the favoured ports are pretty well known to travellers. The list is a long one, and there is plenty to choose from in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic seaboard, and the Baltic. At this time of year, too, the summer fairyland of the Arctic comes into its own.

Let us see what some of the liners whose names are best known in cruising circles are doing.

The *Viceroy of India* (P. and O.) is making five cruises this season, and the first of them is on June 16 from London to the coast of Norway. From Hammerfest, near the famous North Cape, she will go on 500 miles to bleak Spitzbergen, where from April to August there is continuous daylight. It is something to come back from a cruise and say you have been within 600 miles of the North Pole, yet that is the case here—or shall we say as near as Land's End is to John o' Groats?

Early in August the *Viceroy of India* will be in northern waters again, but will combine a series of visits to the fjords with calls at ports in the Baltic. In the meantime she will have visited the Atlantic Isles, including the Azores.

The "Strath" liners (P. and O.) have a series of cruises with first and tourist class bookings. Five of these will be undertaken by the *Stratheden* which has just left on a Whitsun visit to the Adriatic, and she will be out again on June 23. She will then go to Iceland, thence to North Cape and along the Norwegian coast. In July she has two departures and on the first of these cruises she will get as far as Rhodes, island of the famous knights of the eastern Mediterranean. On the other, north African ports, Madeira, and Santa Cruz de La Palma will be visited.

The *Strathnaver* is making a 16-day cruise to Alexandria on June 9 and the only intermediate call will be Malta on the way back. The cruise gives 36 hours at Alexandria—time to have a quick look at Cairo and the Pyramids. The *Strathmore* is booked for two cruises in August, one at the Bank Holiday period to Norway and the Baltic and the other—a most attractive three weeks—to the Greek islands and Egypt.

Courtesy Royal Mail Line

WHILE WINTER LINGERS ON THE MOUNTAINS this town of Fjordland basks placidly in the summer sun

Tinos, Volo, and Nauplia among the calls in Greece suggest the unusual and add to the attractiveness of this cruise.

Of the Orient liners well known on the Australian mail service the *Orford* has six two-class cruises, four to the Mediterranean and two to the Atlantic Isles, the first departure being on June 24 to Lisbon, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Madeira. Her August cruise combines the French Riviera, Sicily, the Adriatic, Morocco (Casablanca), and Lisbon. There is plenty of variety in that cruise, which will occupy 21 days.

The *Orion*, carrying only first class, has three cruises, two of them (July 1 and July 29) to the northern capitals and the Norwegian fjords and one on July 15 to the capitals. Tallinn, the 700-year-old capital of Estonia, which is full of interest, is in the itinerary of the third of these cruises.

The *Atlantis* (Royal Mail) is always associated with cruising and her programme is as attractive as ever. At the end of next week she is off to the Atlantic Isles and on June 23 to the Baltic. Other cruises to the northern capitals and Norway keep her busy for some weeks and then she has a 24-day run through the Mediterranean to Istanbul.

Another of the "A" vessels of the Royal Mail, the *Asturias*, normally on the South American service, is making two Mediterranean cruises, one on July 29 to Cannes, Leghorn (for Pisa), Naples and Algiers, and the other on August 12 to Sicily, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) and Algiers.

The C.P.R. are again using their "Mont" steamers on a series of cruises most of them in southern waters with varied itineraries touching Lisbon, North Africa, the three groups of Atlantic Isles, and the Mediterranean as far east as Naples. The *Montrose* leads the way this week-end with a 13-day run, followed next week by the *Montcalm*.

The two cruising steamers of the Lamport and Holt Line, *Voltaire* and *Vandyck*, have a full programme well into the autumn. The former will sail for the Atlantic Isles on June 24, July 8, and later dates. The *Vandyck* will pay the first visit to the Norwegian fjords on June 17 and again on July 1 and July 15. Both will be visiting the northern capitals about the time of the August Bank Holiday, and at the beginning of September the *Voltaire* will be going to Venice and the Dalmatian coast, a 24-day cruise.

(Continued on page 376)

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The increase of visitors to Nassau from Britain last winter has resulted in several important announcements concerning the "ISLES OF JUNE."

1 *The Cunard White Star Line announce a weekly all-the-year-round service from New York to Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, which will run in conjunction with de luxe liners from Southampton.*

2 *The completion of a new landing ground for aeroplanes on the island of New Providence, a few miles out of Nassau. Hitherto the facilities have been only for amphibians and seaplanes of the Pan-American and of Bahamas Airways.*

3 *The British Colonial Hotel and others of moderate price are to remain open throughout the year.*

Sports and Pastimes include big-game fishing, polo, lawn tennis, golf, yachting, sailing and bathing. THE BAHAMAS are thus established as a summer holiday playground in addition to their amenities as a winter resort. Average temperatures in summer: 81 degrees. Winter temperatures average: 71 degrees.

NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS

Further information supplied by—

THE BAHAMAS GOVERNMENT INFORMATION BUREAU, 28 BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1

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CRUISING ON SUMMER SEAS

(Continued from page 374)

A MARITIME ARTIST with an admiring audience. An officer of the Canadian Pacific spends his leisure painting a seascape in water-colours

In addition to the calls cruising liners make at Madeira I would also commend to you the possibilities offered by regular services on which reduced fares operate during the summer. These special rates are now in force and continue until about the middle of August. They apply to a number of lines, and the interchanging arrangements give the traveller considerable choice of steamer and varying holiday periods.

The Union-Castle Mail Line steamers leave Southampton every Thursday, and all call at Madeira; so do the Royal Mail liners on the South American service, also the Booth steamers from Liverpool which go up the Amazon, and from London those on the Ellerman and Bucknall east and south African route. The fastest liners do the run in about 2½ days.

You may be tempted to ask whether Madeira is too hot in the summer. The answer is emphatically "No," for there is very little variation throughout the year, and the average in summer is about 71 deg. It is a very lovely place with some interesting characteristics, and travellers who go there for a rest cure are inevitably drawn into some exploration which does them no harm at all and certainly reveals scenery of unexpected grandeur. To me one of the great joys of the island is that it is never without flowers.

There are also quite frequent sailings to the Canary Islands, the Union-Castle and Royal Mail being among the lines whose steamers call.

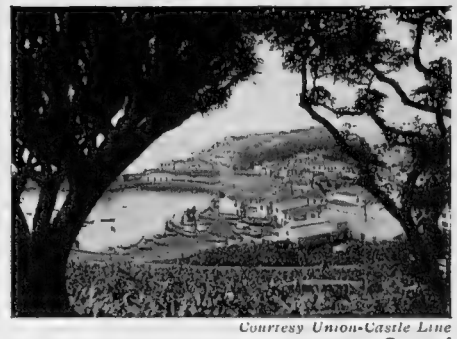
There is another island on the other side of the Atlantic and a little farther south which would interest you. It is the island of New Providence in the Bahamas and the name better known is probably Nassau. There is no reason why the season there should end about the time our own summer is thinking of coming along, for while the weather gets a little warmer it remains beautiful. The local people are arranging to have plenty of accommodation available at reasonable rates, and, equally important, shipping services are there to deal with the extra traffic. There are regular liners from this country, or you may go via New York.

If you have a long vacation South Africa should be kept in mind. The *Arundel Castle* (Union-Castle) is leaving Southampton on July 20, and a holiday tour at reduced rates allows you to return by any one of several "Castle" steamers, the latest being the *Windsor Castle*, leaving Durban on August 31. The monthly service of the Ellerman and Bucknall Line, whose steamers go up the east coast as far as Lourenço Marques and Beira, is also attractive.

A sea holiday which stands alone is that afforded by the Booth liners going up the Amazon. There is a great fascination about the Amazonian forests, on which nature has lavished so much of her labour. Natural riches, legends and mystery have tempted and lured pioneers for centuries. The Amazon is the only waterway through the region, and if the Brazilians have not been able to do much against the forests they have controlled the river with its numerous narrows. After touching at Oporto, Lisbon and Madeira, the liners *Hilary* and *Anselm* call at Para, about 75 miles up the Para river, one of the mouths of the Amazon.

1,000 MILES UP THE AMAZON: The port of Manaos, where the Booth liners *Hilary* and *Anselm* call on their journey through the heart of the South American continent

From there the steamers proceed in regular stages to Manaos, nearly 1,000 miles farther up. No scene can be more beautiful than that offered to travellers from the very decks of the steamers. Between the two green walls of the forest, native villages give way to a dense jungle with its strange fauna and brilliant-coloured flora from rare orchids to the huge flowers of the Victoria Regia. It is in this natural reservoir that the most important plantations of rubber trees are found, which make Brazil the largest rubber exporting country. During the cruise numerous excursions are provided in the forests, along the narrows, and to the Taruma waterfalls.



Courtesy Union-Castle Line

A MADEIRAN FISHING VILLAGE: One of the many charming beauty spots to be found on the coast of this Atlantic isle

The steamers are away from this country about 50 days. The *Anselm* will be leaving next Wednesday and again on August 1. Between the two, the *Hilary* leaving on July 11 will make the voyage, and again on September 9.

There are many routes to near Continental ports which may be utilised in this way, and one with a growing popularity is the London service of the Swedish Lloyd. Three very smart and well-appointed vessels are utilised, the *Succia*, *Britannia* and *Patricia*. They run between Tilbury and Gothenburg, a distance of 580 nautical miles, and the journey by the two first-named vessels is usually made in about 35 hrs. There are two sailings a week in each direction, so that a sea holiday of less than a week is possible, but if you want to spend some time touring on the other side, the steamers connect with the trains from Gothenburg to other parts of Scandinavia.

The Union-Castle Line also make a feature of short cruises to the Continent. Once in four weeks there is a departure from London for Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg, and you get back in 11 or 12 days. The next departure is the *Durban Castle* on June 15. She is in port long enough to enable you to have quite a good look round.

Cruises of 6 days to Christiansund and Oslo are being made by the *City of Nagpur* (Ellerman's Wilson Line) from Hull. There are weekly departures beginning on June 10.

I have always found Cooks very helpful in the matter of these sea holidays by regular services. They tabulate the possibilities and can put the whole thing before you in very compact form, and the possibilities there are for long and short holidays in this way will surprise you. If your fancy is for a more independent form of sea holiday than the cruises afford you can get it in this way and do not have to pay too dearly for it.

B. B.

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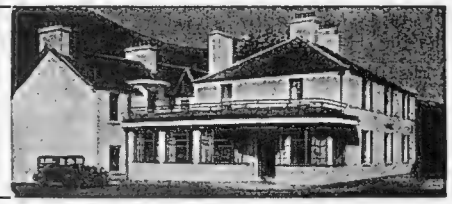

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In Quest of

Three Discoveries in South Devon; Ending Pleasant Surprises

SOUTH DEVON is a country which I thought I already knew completely. It turns out to be a land of never-ending pleasant surprises. Here are three recent discoveries which may be of interest to SPHERE readers.

The Round House, Shaldon.—In Shaldon I can show you the perfect small hotel—that is, if your ideas of perfection accord with mine. A situation remote from traffic and on the very edge of the sea, an attractive house, really beautiful furnishings and decorations, a seascape from every bedroom, a charming country house garden, food which "you can't get in an hotel," and coffee which is not often found in the eastern hemisphere.

Over it all, one can sense the good taste and unflagging vigilance of mine hostess and an expert staff. Cultured people congregate at the Round House, and many a famous man of affairs has restored his flagging powers under the gentle stimulus of its comfort.

But nonentities are equally welcome, and I myself look forward to the time when I can come down here and forget completely for a few weeks the cares of business, forget even my perpetual quest for good hotels in the knowledge that, for the moment at least, it has achieved its end.

Berry Head House, Brixham.—In Brixham, one of the most colourful little towns on the South Devon coast, take the well-signposted road to Berry Head and almost at the top you will find the gates of Berry Head House, now a private hotel. It was once the residence of the Rev. Francis Lyte, author of "Abide With Me," and in what is now one of the lounges this world-famous hymn was written.

Berry Head House as an hotel has the atmosphere which you would expect . . . tranquil, beautiful and entirely satisfying. The rooms are spacious and in the manner of a country house. They look either seawards with magnificent views of Torbay, or else over the most lovely country house garden imaginable. Although "Abide With Me" was written in the house, I suspect that the author had his garden in mind as he wrote.

Over this place Miss J. M. Row now presides with a genial efficiency and the aid of a highly efficient—and all-female—staff. A very hospitable atmosphere reigns at Berry Head House where you will find all the comforts you imagine should belong to a country house hotel. It is emphatically a place to add to your notebook.

Elfordleigh Hotel, Plympton.—Here is a country house hotel which has passed through various vicissitudes and has not always had the best of reputations. But out of evil cometh good, and in this case, very good!

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Over all this breathes an atmosphere of pleasant informality which is begotten of excellent service and comfortable surroundings.

Go there in June for a summer holiday, or, if you are able, go there in winter to escape the fog and influenza of the big towns. At all times of the year you will find a warm and sheltered situation, a warm and comfortable hotel, and a warm, unaffected welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Barrow Dowling, who will make you perfectly at home.

And now to turn again to Scotland. Last week I wrote of the Marine Hotel at Gullane, saying "Gullane means golf," and here this week are two more hotels which may also be said to "mean golf," and which complete a magnificent trio of golfing hotels in the same district.

A few miles farther along the coast from Gullane is North Berwick, occupying what is perhaps the picked coastal position in the south of Scotland. At North Berwick you must stay at the Marine Hotel. It is ugly from without, but what does that matter? We all know the story of the young woman who said: "My face, I don't mind it, for I am behind it." It is the same with the Marine at North Berwick, from which there are some of the most spectacular views of sea and sand-dunes to be found in the British Isles. The Marine is situated right on the famous North Berwick links, and its standard of comfort is so high that there are consolations even after the worst of rounds.

On the opposite side of the Firth of Forth and pretty well in a straight line with Gullane and North Berwick lie Lundin Links and the Lundin Links Hotel. Small and unpretentious, this is yet a thoroughly comfortable place and I can commend you to the care of Mr. Muriset, the proprietor, with complete confidence that you will be well looked after and comfortable. Lundin Links Hotel has the golf course at its door.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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Enquiries to Mrs. L. M. Rattray, Manageress

HYDRO HOTEL

An exclusive Hotel in the midst of Scotland's most beautiful Highland scenery. Within the Hotel every comfort and modern facility. Elevator. Southern exposure and attractive grounds. Private Golf Course and Tennis Courts. Fishing.

ROTHESAY, GLENBURN HOTEL

charmingly situated in its own grounds and overlooking the Bay is again open to the public after extensive alterations and improvements. Undoubtedly one of Scotland's finest hotels. Hot and cold water, central heating and telephones in all bedrooms. Beautifully furnished. Luxurious beds. Excellent cuisine. Own bakery. Elevator. Tennis. Golf. Swimming pool at hotel gates.

Please write for tariff. James G. Ross, Manager Telephone: Rothesay 500

ROYAL DEESIDE HOTEL

GLEN O'DEE, BANCHORY

ONE OF SCOTLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MODERN HOTELS

A holiday here will benefit you in every way. Quiet, peaceful and healthy. Lift. All sports.

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The Centre for Tours by Road, Rail, and Cruises 'midst the Western Isles of Romance. Comfort, Cuisine and Service unsurpassed. Lift. Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Bathing, Boating, etc. Brochure on request.

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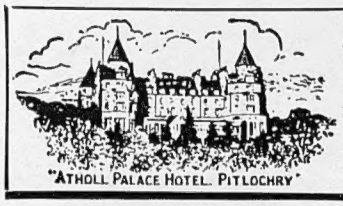

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A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .

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A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.

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- Freedom from charas, piers and pierrots.
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- Freedom to breathe good air, to bask in a wealth of sunshine in a resort unique for its selectiveness and its sociability.

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is the hub of Frinton's social life. Good food, good wine, good beds, make our principal claim to fame. To them can be added ballroom, suites and a picked position facing the sea and Frinton's famous sands.

THE **ROSEMULLION**

Overlooking the sea in an unspoilt corner of South Devon. Rooms with or without bath: private suites. Excellent golf and many other sporting facilities. Write R. K. Lee, director. A.A., R.A.C.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON

YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER

for Shakespeare's country and the Cotswolds than

THE

WILLIAM AND MARY

HOTEL DE LUXE STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The terms (from 4 to 6 gns.) are as lenient as the hotel is luxurious. An unusual brochure of hotel and district will gladly be sent on application to H. M. Stevenson. Telephone: 2575

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A week at the GRAND, TORQUAY, at this time of year and you'll feel *really* better.

A room bathed in sunshine . . . private bath . . . breakfast in bed.

A stroll along the waterfront . . . no hills to climb. Or a run over Dartmoor in the car . . . scenery superb.

In the afternoon, a round of Golf, a court for Squash or Tennis—all free, of course. Back to dinner in the Grand manner or well-cooked Grill, if you like. Then dance to Harry Evans and his Band and

You're beginning to feel GRAND.

Moral: A week at the Grand is better than a month in a nursing home . . . and cheaper. *For details write: R. Paul, Manager.*

The **GRAND, TORQUAY**

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Peace . . . and Perfection

An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. A. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

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A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. *Telephone: Torquay 2161.*

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Co. WICKLOW

A.A., R.I.A.C. TEL. GREYSTONES 11

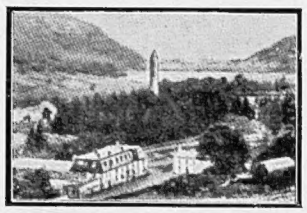
A delightful spot for a holiday. Magnificently situated on the sea front, the Hotel has its own Bathing Cove and Tennis Courts.

H. & C. water all rooms. Private Suites.

TWO EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSES

ROYAL HOTEL, GLENDALOUGH

Co. WICKLOW



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For scenic grandeur Glendalough is the Artist's and Tourist's paradise. For the Sportsman, Mountain Climbing, Lake and River Fishing. For the Motorist a Centre for Excursions.

(Continued on next page)

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HARROGATE FOR HOLIDAYS offers all the attractions of a High-class Resort amidst lovely scenery

Harrogate's "Inclusive Cure" Ticket provides Accommodation, Waters, Baths and Spa Treatments. In addition, a rota of Doctors attends at fixed fees.

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HARROGATE
The Nation's Spa
IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL
Cheap Monthly Returns - Any Train - Any Day

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued from previous page.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

Enjoy Spring . . .

in a secluded, sheltered and sunny position . . . in an hotel which is a country house by the sea, designed and run to please discerning people.

100 bedrooms (many with private bath) and suites. Central heating and lift. Spacious garage with lock-ups. Six acres of flower gardens, secluded walks and private beach. En-Tout-Cas tennis courts. Parkstone Golf Course adjacent, five others near by.

Telephone: Canford Cliffs 797/8

BOURNEMOUTH

In **JUNE** *make a Bee-line for*

- It is mostly dry and sunny at Sheringham in June.
- Sea, sands, golf links, are inviting; the Sheringham woods and our five acres of gardens are at their best.
- We offer special terms for the month of June; in fact, up to July 7th, we offer any one of our 120 bedrooms at the inclusive weekly rate per person of 5 guineas, children 3 guineas.
- Last, but not least, Sheringham lobsters are in season!

SHERINGHAM HOTEL
SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK
WE PROMISE YOU WILL NOT BE STUNG

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY HOTEL BUNDORAN

FOR THE BEST HOLIDAY OF ALL

IRELAND

THREE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY HOTELS
LEADING AND BEST

- THREE
- BEAUTY
- SPOTS

BUNDORAN (Co. Donegal) — Magnificently Situated on the Atlantic. Bracing Air. Golf 18 Holes in Hotel Grounds. Tennis. Bathing. Fishing.

ROSTREVOR (Co. Down) — Rests at the foot of Mourne Mountains, overlooking Carlingford Lough. Golf. Fishing. Tennis. Shooting. Bathing.

GREENORE (Co. Louth) — On the shores of Carlingford Lough. Golf 18 holes. Sea Fishing.

For Particulars write to Resident Managers or Great Northern Railway, Dublin or Belfast

ST. MARGARET'S BAY HOTEL
near DOVER, KENT
(Under entirely new management and ownership)
Sheltered—Sunny—Informal. Good centre for golf
'Phone: St. Margaret's 2117. *London Office: Hanford, Abbey 1505.*

A Good Centre for Touring—
THE OAKELEY ARMS, Tan-y-Bwlch, BLAENAU FFESTINIOG
Our hotel is comfortable and our terms, from 4 gns., modest. We can offer you sea-trout and brown trout fishing, golf at Harlech, sea-bathing, tennis, and riding for children—all amidst glorious scenery—An old coaching inn modernised. Write for Brochure.
Phone: Penrhyndeudraeth 31. Grams: Hotel Tan-y-Bwlch. Stations: Blaenau Ffestiniog, Penrhyndeudraeth

Not enough exercise—too much sitting

Unused muscles cause Sagging Abdomen

Keep Fit with LINIA SHORTS

You cannot change your sedentary way of life; but you can escape the consequences of it by wearing Linia Shorts.

The continuous gentle massaging action of the special elastic tricot from which Linia Shorts are woven, exercises your abdominal muscles even while you sit, keeps them toned and prevents the accumulation of fat.

Meanwhile Linia Shorts give you a fine braced-up feeling and a smart youthful appearance. Linia Shorts are comfortable and easily laundered.

Only Linia Shorts, medically approved and fully patented, can give complete satisfaction. Beware of worthless imitations.

Prices: Linia Shorts from 17/6; Linia Reinforced Shorts from 25/-

On Sale Only at J. Roussel, Ltd., 177 Regent St., London, W.1
20 Branches in the United Kingdom. *Telephone: Regent 7570.*

Call in and see these modern Linia Shorts at your nearest Roussel shop. Or you can order by post with complete confidence. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded in full.
May we send you a copy of the booklet fully describing the Linia method, including the Linia Belt recommended for cases of obesity.

J. E. Roussel, Ltd., 177 Regent Street, London, W.1
★ Please send me.....pair(s) of Linia Shorts or Reinforced Shorts price £.....
My *maximum* measurement round hips is.....inches.
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I enclose remittance £....., *OR*
★ Please send your booklet describing Linia Shorts.
My name and full address are attached. L.S.23

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued from previous column.

Have You Ever?

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?
. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?
. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?
. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME EARLY IN SUMMER TO

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY
Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 2211*

In a lovely Garden Square . . .

Stanhope Court will make excellent headquarters for the London season and the ideal "town house" for men and women who appreciate comfort, economy and tasteful surroundings. Like all the "North" Hotels, it is splendidly situated in the heart of fashionable London—a minute's walk from bus or tube and a few minutes' ride from the West End and City.

STANHOPE COURT HOTEL
STANHOPE GARDENS . SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7
A first-class private hotel—quiet without, comfort within. 100 delightful bedrooms, each with running water, central heating and telephone. Terms, completely inclusive, from 4 guineas a week. Brochure and tariff gladly sent on request.
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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued from previous page.

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AT THE HOTEL IN THE PATH OF THE SUN

Royal NORFOLK Hotel BOGNOR REGIS

Three acres of grounds in the very centre of the front—one of the finest situations on the South Coast. Running water, central heating. First-class cuisine. Tel. 40

A Perfect Setting . . .
that will increase the enjoyment of good food and service.
HINTON FIRS HOTEL
A Country House in BOURNEMOUTH
Standing in a garden, a hundred yards from the edge of the East Cliff, a few minutes from the amusements of the town.

"Punctuality is the politeness of Princes"
The remark is true (in a sense unintended by Jorrocks). For at Princes, Folkestone, they understand punctuality . . . and the pleasure of finding people and things ready when you want them.
Your room (with a private bath) or your suite are ready for you now.
PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE
In the lee of the Leas. *85 minutes from Town.*
Popular cocktail bar. Squash, Tennis, etc., adjoining. Lift. Softened Water. *Telephone: 2666.*

HARROGATE
The **GRAND**
Phone 4631
FINEST POSITION
Close to Royal Baths
Facing
Valley Gardens
FROM 18/- DAILY INCLUSIVE

HASTINGS
The **QUEEN'S**
Telephone: 201
Leading and Best
Sea Front — Solarium
Orchestra
From **15/-** daily

June is the Month
for a perfect summer holiday. Come down early to this peaceful spot. Private Golf Course in the Hotel grounds. Acres of glorious garden. Perfect quiet, yet perfect accessibility to Plymouth and the sea.
ELFORDLEIGH (COUNTRY HOUSE) **HOTEL**
PLYMPTON, S. DEVON
Now under entirely new personal direction. New decorations and extensive new furnishings. Perfect service and well-cooked English food. Illustrated Brochure. Terms 3½ to 5½ gns.

June is the month of Roses, and at
LINCOMBE HALL The Garden Hotel of **TORQUAY**
life can be one complete bed of roses. Nothing to worry you—everything to soothe you. The unusual comfort of Lincombe Hall itself, the personal considerations of a first-class staff, and around . . . the beauty of glorious Devon.
Inclusive from 4 gns. *Descriptive brochure sent with pleasure.*

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above all in Spring was built for those who like to ignore the tape-machine and the politics of Europe and laze with a serene conscience . . . bathing, walking, idling with none but the friendly southern sun to interrupt . . . and the pleasant routine of well-cooked meals to make a day of it. Profusely illustrated brochure with pleasure from the proprietor, B. Colley.
ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY
An hour and a half by air from London

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Crassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel,
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel. Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tobermory.—Western Isles Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates.

FRANCE.

Aix-les-Bains.—Hotel Beau Lieu.—Family hotel. Famous cooking. Moderate terms. Open all the year.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Chamonix (Mt. Blanc).—Hotel Bellevue.—Open all the year. Family hotel with all latest comfort. Large garden.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. from RM.9.50. Patr. by English soc. Open in winter.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society, 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Igls/Tyrol.—Golf Hotel Iglerhof.—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

Kitzbühel/Tyrol.—Hotel Weisses Rössl.—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno., h. & c. Spring and Summer from 8/6 incl. Under the proprs. supervision. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

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This delightful dog study appeared in THE SKETCH of July 27, 1938

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